

CAMP LOG.

1905.

Monday,
June 26.

Arrived, via Waterville,

John Richards
via Winthrop,

Andrew W. Johnson

Cook

John Brown

Camp opened; platform taken down, first tents set up,
first unpacking, etc.

Everything seems to be looking splendidly. Very little damage has been done through the winter. The rats got up by one of the little tables, and ate the backs off the St Nicholas volumes, and a few other books, destroyed the last years' bathing suits, and to our great regret, injured the old Mill Flag, above the fire-place, but this was all; nothing to the year when they got at the hymnals and the brown sugar. There seems no outside damage to report, either, as when the big twin pine was cut last year.

Taking off the sheep ^{*last year*} has made an immense improvement all about, and the woods are showing it already. The undergrowth is beginning to come up well, and will make much better cover for the Scouting Game. Also no more sheep stray into the dor-

~~mitories in the witching hours, no more~~
mitories, in the witching hours, there are no more sleepy howls
from the Faculty Tent, nor the inmates of the Prawlery wrath-
fully pursuing through the midnight woods, as in the good old ~~u~~
times.

The garden looks splendidly (all but the corn, which had to
be planted three times). The radishes are ready, and the nitro-
glycerined peas and beans seem to be in wonderful shape.

The greatest change this year is the building of the new In-
firmary, and the enlarging the South Dormitory by two cubicles.
The new building is a combination of an Infirmary, store and linen
closets, graduates' dormitory, and offices. This will make things
easier all round, especially for the tutoring, on rainy days, and
the two new cubicles, and ~~then~~ shifting Mr. Dick's office from
the North Dormitory to the new building, gives us a chance for
twenty three boys, now the Camp limit. The Infirmary is cool and
quiet, with plenty of room, and we shan't have to repeat last
years' experience, with Chippy Burgess and Lawrence Hemenway to-
gether in the little old Infirmary, and two other brethren with
~~panasotes~~ sashes in the dormitories.

The chief other improvements this year are a new Rangeley,
the Panbasote, just like the others, only of a little better and
slenderer model; and the throwing of the old Infirmary into the
big room, leaving only a small closet by the fireplace, for games
etc. This gives us much more room, and a good draft on hot days.

There are other small improvements, as a new flag, more and bigger lamps, etc., etc.

Building on the new Infirmary began last week, and Mr. Smith and his men are doing wonderful work. They are at work by quarter of seven, often half past six, and are at it with all there is in them till dark. It is a fine thing to see such splendid, thorough work. Mr. Turner and his crew are also busy painting, and the boats are nearly done.

The stores are arriving right along, and nothing so far seems to have been forgotten but Percy Howe's butterfly net.

We have ~~one~~ sad piece of news to write. Mrs. Stevens, at the farm, died very suddenly this April. We shall feel the loss of this good friend greatly. Mr and Mrs Cooke are to keep house for Mr. Stevens this year. Millard was married last autumn, and is living on ~~a farm~~ another farm. Clinton has given up the shop again to Mr Wedge, and is working in the mill.

Tuesday,
June 27.

Arrived via Waterville,

Julia Ward Richards

Tents set up today. Work on the Infirmary fast and furious. The Skipper even set the painters to work at shingling!

Wednesday,
June 28.

Arrived, from Groton, via Portland-

F.C. Ladd.

Work all round, especially at the mosquito nets, new again this year. They had been cut too short, alack, so there had to be double seaming!

Pine Island opened to day.

Thursday,
June 29.

Much work all round.

Friday,
June 30.

Wonderful work, by all hands. At 2.30 arrived,

Laura & Richards.

Rosalind Richards.

Laura Elizabeth Richards

Fano Stumps, who behaved extremely badly all the way).

Saturday,
July 1.

The great day. At 6. 15, an hour and a half late, just as we were deciding that they had given us up, and gone to Old Orchard Beach instead, the Brethren arrived, to wit and as follows. Four of them only are Old Boys this year, except of course Chester, --- Jelly-fish, Cornstalks, Oliver, and Percy

F. McW. Barton

Reuben B. Ogilby.

Rene E. Hognet.

John P. Hault.

Henry Ten Eyck Perry

W. Ogilvie Bonstock.

Oliver Beebe.

* Melbert B. Cary Jr.

* William S. Sloan

Edward Harding

Percival S. Howe Jr.

* H. Maynard Rees.

Mauran S. Pearce

William W. Dummell Jr.

Thomas Lamb

John P. Putnam.

* Victor Chapman

* Edward D. J. Pouland.

Laurence C. Chisholm

Marcus Morton Jr.

Conrad P. Aiken

Edward Laurence McKinney

James J. Minnot Jr.

George Franklyn Lawrence Jr.

John M. Elliot

J. G. Webb.

F. C. Ladd.

We think we are now as fine a looking Cmp full as you are likely to meet, anywhere this side of the Post-office. There are fewer half-past-niners than usual, but the half-past-eighters look strong and ready to take hold of things. Of course we miss the old faces more than can be said, but the new lot looks like the right sort too. ~~It is a great joy and help to have dear Hoggy and the Mud-hen with us.~~

It is great joy and help to have dear Hoggy and the Mud-hen with us.

The Lieutenant reports a good journey, except for lateness. This is the first time we have had a Merryweather car. to ourselves and the lunch-box scheme is new, and worked finely. Everybody met everybody all right, without any need of scarlet ribbons, though the Graduates did not find each other out till Portland. Losses reported so far, the Doctor, Robert Henderson, and eight trunks.

Unpacking in the evening, and early bed, the eight unfortunates who have nothing to unpack borrowing blankets from the others.

Later:

Dr. Harrington arrived a little after ten, having come by the seven fifty seven.

James Taylor Harrington

Robert Henderson has been ill, and is to come down in a few days, and Neville Bennett, our other Dormitory Prefect, was not coming in any case until the 5th. We hope for John Simons any day early in the week.

Sunday,

Rain.

July 2.

A rainy Sunday is a pretty hard day to begin camp with. There was nothing mean about this rain, either, a good, thorough pour, without a break, steadily all day long. About as wet a rain as you would often find. Still, a good walk to Furbush's Point, for all hands whose rubber boots had come, worked off extra steam, and the day went all right. Andrew made dip-toast, and the table-setters left off the butter-plates, to give a slight and subtle picnic feeling to things, and a noble volunteer dish-corps helped out on washing dishes.

The welcome Cable from Miss Alice came yesterday, telling of the Arabic's safe arrival at Liverpool. This is the trip through Scotland, as Mr. Dick has planned it out:

Edinburgh, Blair Athole, a ride through the Pass of Killiecrankie. "Kingussie, then train back to Dunkeld, ride to Blairgowrie, Braemar, Aberdeen, train to Nairn, ride through Cawdor (remember Macbeth!), and Culloden, to Inverness; boat and ride down the Caledonian Canal to Oban, boat to Staffa and Iona, and back, train to Callander, ride to Inversnaid, ferry to Tarbet, train, Glasgow to London. " ---Doubtless our readers are quite at home in the pronunciation of these simple names, which to the unfamiliar might sound pretty nearly as queer as the name of the new canoes, Caucongomock and Aboljockamgus.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON

Helloooooo:

Greetings, by this, to all merryweathers,
that they may recognize the doctor's
voice and start the summer
aright.

To say more would be to use
empty words, the first one
expresses what I wish to
say.

"
(Ex) Doctor"

CC

"He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star." 22

ON BOARD THE "SPARKLE."

James H. Motae, Jr., Owner.

New Bedford Harbor.
1st Watch, 4 Bells, June 27th 1905

Dear Miss Rosalind —

I am afraid you and
all the merryweathers will
give me up because I am
such a bad letter writer.
I did answer the Round
Robin letter last summer
though, and it must have
gone astray, for Mrs Richards
said you never got it.

The "Sparkle" is rocking
like the mischief, and it
is hard to write. I am on
my summer vacation — on

is serene and quiet. The "Sparkle" is too big to handle alone in squawks, and I am glad that is over, and I shall have a crew tomorrow.

I must talk shop a little, for I have been "moved up," and my business prospects are brightening. Mr. Robert Hoe, Jr. says he is going to make me head of the Saw Department, so that he can move up himself. I have a private office of my own, commonly known as the "hen-coop", but really I am a sort of "buttons" for Mr. Hoe, and when he is not giving me odd jobs to do I am out in the shops learning about the saws. That is about enough business

for a vacation letter, especially when it is to reach you at Camp Merryweather.

My cabin is very cosy, with its white curtains and two swinging lamps. There is a kitchen and chart closet and two smaller closets, to say nothing of the sail hatch. I have charts and nautical literature for a summers cruise, but it will be all over in two weeks. A steamer has just passed, and has spilled everything not fastened down.

Tomorrow we shall sail either to Shelter Island or

New London, according to the wind. My best love to Camp Merryweather and all in it Sincerely
James H. Moore

a cruise with my brother
and his wife from Cotuit, Cape
Cod, to Barnagut Bay, N.J.
But they have not arrived
yet, and I sailed alone today
from Cotuit to New Bedford.
It makes up quite a yarn for
one day, for I started with
a strong North wind under
two reefs, plunged through
Woods Hole, which John knew
about, and encountered three
thunder showers in Buzzards
Bay. The rain came down in
bucket fulls, and for a few
minutes there was hail. The
wind got up regular "Williwaw"
and I was soaked through and
shivering all the afternoon.
But now I am safely berthed
at New Bedford, and the night

Monday,
July 3. Clear, calm, and hot.

Morning reading began with Sven Hedin's Across Asia, afternoon reading with Pickwick. There is to be no tutoring till after the 4th, but morning work began with general picking up about the grounds. Baseball practise in the afternoon, to size up the new players, followed by a swim.

Mr Richards has appointed Griswold Webb Camp weather reporter so after this the official report will be posted on the door at 7 a. m. and noon, and afterwards copied in the Log.

Conrad Aiken has been appointed Assistant Log Editor. The Editor in Chief wants to apologize for the Log's slowness in appearing, which has been partly because of the non-arrival of the typewriter until today. Hereafter we hope to have it regular and punctual, and with as good spelling as we can manage.

Good letters from Mr. Dick, Billy Ladd, Mr. Morse, and the delightful hail from the Doctor (on the opposite page), with the cable from A.M. R., were most joyfully welcome, and make us feel in touch with the Merryweathers, ~~present~~ absent or present.

We do not all know each other's inmost thoughts as yet. Few of us have yet seen the epic poem with which Jim Minot whiles away his spare moments, and Harding has modestly refrained from giving us his Sonata in B flat for the sackbut. (The Doctor's violoncello has not come yet, but still we can say that things are shaking down together, and that we are getting to know each well and quickly. (It has been reported that Victor Chapman uses curling tongs, but this is not true.)).

Tuesday. The Glorious Fourth.
 Calm, clear, and hot again.
T., 79.

The day began with the usual reading of the Declaration of Independence, and singing of America. There was no morning work, a great cannonading of crackers going on all the morning on the hill, and there was a long swim, with one very fine "stunt" Mr. Ogilby carrying Mr Barton, standing on his shoulders, the length of the spring-board, and then both diving together.

In the afternoon there was the usual reading of Zadoc Pine, at the Point, because of the heat, and then the first Dormitory Game, the official account of which will follow. At first, and for more than half the game, the South had it all their own way. Then the North took a wonderful rally, and the game was played out with shouts and cheers of excitement from the grand stand.

The Fire-works were about and away the best we have ever had. A good many of the boys had fire-works. The Camp collection was better than ever, and our two graduates had brought us really superb collections, and we had A.M.R.'s great mine, the "Devil Among The Tailors". Marcus Morton's beautiful water fire-works followed the exhibition in the hill, going off without a mishap, and at half-past nine we had three circles for taps, eight-o'clockers in the middle, then half-past-eighters, then half-past-niners.

The Bonfire will come sometime later in the season.

The following items .from last years' Log come in well now:

First Scouting Game, July 9, Ist game, Iroquois, I -0,

2nd game, Algonquins, 7-1.

First Baseball game, July 4, Baked Beans vs Tomato Catsups.

First Pine Island Game, July 9, Merryweather 9, Pine Island 3.

First Fishing, July 5, 7 Bass, 1 Chub (Periwinkle's, caught off the float.).

First Picnic, July 3, Hoyt's Island.

First Expedition, July 7, Philip Mountain.

First Camping Trip, July 12,

Chicken Carey, Cornstalks, Percy Howe, Chester, and
Otis Russell, with Mr. Shaw.

It is nice to find that there are many more birds than last year about the Camp. The Wilson thrushes are singing close to the tents, as they were two years ago, and there is a pair of hermit thrushes nearer than ever before. The Whippoorwill, which we don't hear very often, has been heard twice in the woods towards Stony Point. The usual pair of ~~Wag-tails~~ Water Wag-tails has built along Sunshine Alley, and the Redstart's family, near the piazza, has already flown. ~~The~~ poor Water Pewee had a tragedy this year. Instead of in the boathouse, she built on one of the South Dormitory shutters. The shutter of course had to be taken down, and though the nest was set on the window sill as carefully as possible, one baby fell out and broke its neck. (They all fell out, in fact, but only one was hurt ~~very~~ seriously.) Duke and Fano watched the others with intense solicitude, and they are now fully fledged, and flying about.

There are more loons than at this time last year. Until within a day or two there have been no eagles seen, and we feared a little that they had deserted us, but the usual pair have been seen near several times, and yesterday Miss Julia put up one of the young ones within thirty feet.

Like last year, there are very few mosquitoes, still these few are quite active, and seem able to get a good long way.

South 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 North 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Ellis

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Hamington

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Moquet

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Thompson

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Hamington

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Comstock

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Lamb

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Rees
Dumell

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

McKinley
Webb

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Total

7 1 0 0 2 0 0 2 12

Dumell

Webb

Stella out

Carroll

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Ogilby

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Aiken

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Barton

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Hart

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Sloan

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Mind

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Ladd

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Cary

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Total

0 0 0 0 0 4 4 2 0 6

Tuesday,
July 4.

FIRST DORMITORY GAME.

On Tuesday afternoon the North and South Dormitories had their first game.

In the first inning the Sunny South scored seven runs, principally on account of the North's ~~bad~~ poor playing; while the NORTH failed to hit safely, and were shut out.

Second Inning. The South scored another run, but the North was again shut out.

nd
aseball Third Inning. No score.
fternoon.

Fourth innng. No score.

Fifth Inning. Elliot and Harrington each scored, making the score tento nothing. However, the North made a fine rally and four men circled the bases. SCORE, -ten to four.

Sixth Inning. The South failed to score, while the North made two more runs. SCORE, -ten to six.

Seventh Inning. The South made two runs, while the North was shut out. Here the game was stopped, as it was growing late.

FINAL SCORE; -twelve to six, in favor of the South.

The following boys have passed the swimming examination:

Harding.	Mckinney.
Dunnell.	Minot.
Lamb..	
Putnam.	
Chisholm.	
Morton.	
Aiken	

Of course the old boys, Perry, Comstock, Howe, Ladd and Beebe had passed last year. This make s us way ahead of 1st year in swimming, when Mr. Shaw had a swimming school of eleven, some of whom could not swim a stroke. John Elliot only failed to pass because he ~~forgot~~ forgot and put his toe down in one place! The Swimming School therefore really consists of:

Pousland.	Webb.
Lawrence.	Chapman.
Pearce.	Sloan.
Rees.	Cary.

The ages run quite differently this year, so many boys having graduated last summer and the year before. Last year there were seven half-past-niners, this year only four, though Chester Ladd will join the ranks next week. This year also there are only six Old Boys, fewer than any year except the second.

Wednesday, Slightly hazy; smoky sou'-wester.

July 5.

T. 79.5

B. 29.50

W. South; fresh.

First
scouting
game.

On Wednesday afternoon the first scouting game was played. Owing principally to the inexperience of the new boys, no score was made in the first game. However, in the second, four were made, two of them by Captain John, the others by Rees and Putnam. Much improvement was evident in this game.

The first game last year was beaten by the Iroquois 1-0. There were two games on the first afternoon, as to-day. The second game was won by the Algonquins, 7-1. There were 6 Scouting Afternoons last summer. Of the sixteen games played, the Algonquins beat 8, the Iroquois 6, the other two being ties. The most remarkable score in any single game was made by the Iroquois, 15 runs.

Hurray! Our other Prefect is here. He came late in the afternoon, and it is good to welcome another Old Boy back.

E. Neville Bennett.

"Sherlock Holmes" was truly a wonderful production. The wily machinations of Moriarty sent chills to our very toes. With utmost craft (faithfully studying Holmes' manual for his directions), He placed his Footprints in all the spots best calculated to mislead; a well-marked trail leading up the wall, and his cigar left on the Petrel's deck, were well-nigh proof positive that he had barded her and was rapidly making sail, but no, freed from his cruel clog by the faithful hound, who ate it, he lay cunningly concealed under a window-shade. Sherlock entered the sign "Moriarty Is Not Here" might have misled the wisest, but not so Holmes. He lightly undertook a microscopic search, and was just following up a wonderful subtle clue (the Bean-bag board; Moriarty came from Boston! "We are on the trail!") when the relentless ruffian sprang from his ambush, mastered Holmes, in spite of heroic struggles, with the megaphone, and put an end to this valuable career by prussic acid.

All the characters were remarkably sustained. Dr. Watson, as Holmes' able and faithful friend and ally, was excellent and his slender frame was shaken with grief at the tragic catastrophe.

ALL
LINES

At
MARKS
Mail

Game.

Algonquians				Iroquois			
1st Game		2nd Game		1st Game		2nd Game	
Killed	Shots	Turns	Killed	Shots	Turns	Killed	Shots
Capl. John.	X	1.	X	2.	2.	M. Barton	X
Conry	X					Quien	
Chapman						Beebe	X
Trinst			X	2.		Chisholm	X
Lauf			X	1.		Dunnell	
Malin			X			Elliot	1.
Rees	X		X	X	1.	Harding	X
Powland	X		X			Lawrence	X
Pearce	X		X			Melvinney	2.
Laad.	2.					Perry	X
Conatoc	1.					Pulnam	
Hove			X			Sloan	X
m. Ogilby	X	2.	X	1.		Webb	
Dr. Hamilton	X	2.		3.		J. S. R.	X
J. W. J.						Hoguer	X
Horn	7.	8.	0.	10	9	3.	2

"It is better to lunch and lose than
never to lunch"?



First Sing - Song .

July 5 .

Overture . . Chopsticks , the Old Guard , J.R. ,
F.M.B. . L.E.R. Jr.

Toodle - pipe Solo . R.R.

Song . Belinda . Mr. Barton.

Choruses .

Camp town Races .

The Bell .

Stunt , the Graduates , Messrs Harri & Hoguet.

Mandolin Duet . .. Jelly & Mike .

Stunt , Sherlock Holmes , .. Barton , Ogilby ,
& Richards .

Camp Song .
—

Belinda.

Not a long time ago, I remember it well,
Along-side a poor house a maiden did dwell,
She lived with her parents, her life was serene,
Her age it was red and her hair was nineteen.

This maid had a lover who nearby did dwell,
A cross-legged ruffian and bow-eyed as well,
Said he, "Let us fly, by the light of yon star,
For you are the eye of my apple, you are."

"Oh no", said the maiden, "be cautious and wise,
Or my father will scratch out your nails with his eyes;

If you really love me, don't bring me disgrace,"
Said the maid, as she buried her hands in her face.

(This melancholy song moved us all so much that it seemed a good plan to put in some of the most touching verses).

There was a beautiful Aurorathis evening, very slender, and at one time brilliantly white pointed streamers running half way up the sky, and a strong white glow showing in the south.

The first Full-dress dive was made today by Francklyn Lawrence. It will be remembered that this graceful feat was performed several times last year, especially by the half-past niners, Otis Russell making ~~it~~ it two days running.

Thursday, Fair, calm.

July 6.

I. 72

B. 29.50

The dear Mud-hen had to go this morning. The graduates get, if possible, finer every year, bless them. We wish we could keep them all summer long. Thank goodness, just in time for dinner, arrived

John W. Simons

On Thursday afternoon the camp was divided up into two fishing expeditions, the land and water parties.

~~*****~~
~~*****~~
The water party came out very well for the first time, catching thirteen very fair bass; however their success was not to be compared to that of the shore party, -

Ist
Fishing.

13 Bass,
1 White Perch.

for Mr. Barton, the leader of this expedition, after a furious struggle in which he proved himself of greater intellect than a poor little white perch, succeeded in landing that individual--the first victim of the season.

The Bait-boxes got a little mixed,
so that one boat was short.

Hoyt's Island

Williwaw

R. B. (cox)

De Jim

Sloan

Morton

Howe

Identical

Cary (cox)

E. H.

Chisholm

Dunnell

Pearce

Yammerschooner

Mc. Kinney (cox)

R. E. O.

Minot

Beebe

Pantasote

Powland

J. R.

Webb.

Lawrence

Blueberry Hill

Sly Fox

Comstock - Elliot

Lamb - Rees

Chapman - Aiken

E. N. B. L. E. R. jr.

Putnam

F. M. B.

Aboljockamegus

Hoguet

Perry

Ladd

Simons

Friday, clear, cool.

July 7.

T. 78.

B. 29.43

W. light.

First
Expedition,
Blueberry Hill,
~~Hoyt's~~
Hoyt's
Island.

The first Expedition Afternoon was a combination of two trips, Blueberry Hill and Hoyt's. It was a perfect day, with a light southerly breeze, only a little warm for violent exertion. The Hoyt's Islanders took things cheerfully and wisely; we walked easily up the field settled down by the raspberry patch, and had a good time telling stories, sustained by Mr. Ogilby's noble provision of chocolate. When we were perfectly cool and comfortable, and had eaten most of the raspberries in sight (~~we~~ did bring home some, though, to the absent ladies), we walked comfortably back again, and took ship for Camp.

We who went to Blueberry Hill think rather naturally that we had by far the best time. We did not need chocolate or raspberries to sustain our hearts. ~~hearts~~. Among the sights which edified us were: a deserted house, in which we found an old spinning-wheel and a clock with wooden machinery; five young foxes; and a blind dog. We wish to impress it upon the Hoyt's Islanders that such sights are not seen every day.

Swimming test passed:-Sloan.

Arrivals:

Laurance J. Henderson
Robert Graham Henderson

Saturday,
July 8.

Mr. Morsee's Birthday.

This afternoon two parties were made up;-one for fishing, the other for butterfly-hunting. The fishing party succeeded in getting seventeen bass and one perch.

The butterfly party had a very enjoyable time indeed.

They found many nice things, such as currants, raspberries, strawberries etc., and came home tired but happy.

2nd Days'

Fishing,

17 Bass,

1 white perch.

Lest we forget, they obtained two poor little flutter-bys also.

The great event of the day was the joyful arrival of four more Merryweathers, making us feel back in last summer again. The Infirmary ~~##~~ has been converted into a

Graduates Dormitory, and looks good and cool, even in

The Bait-squad

this muggy weather, with the four beds in a row, and a ~~##~~

were wonderful!

500 Worms!

draft across the room; also they have five looking-glasses

so their appearance ought to be truly glittering and

lovely when they appear at breakfast. ~~##~~ Mr. Shaw has

come North after a winter in Yazoo City, Captain Jack has

been in the Steel Works at Bethlehem, Pa. and is just

off for a little rest after an illness. Phil Beebe has

been at Cambridge this winter, and Chippy is still at

Volkmann's. It is pretty good to get them back.

J. H. Hall
Carleton A. Shaw
Philip Beebe
Charles P. Burgess

First Charades.

The first charades this evening went off finely (the word is spelled a little oddly, but the type-writer feels queer to day).

Monarch (Moan-arch), was the first. Mr. Shaw was a dentist, extracting teeth ~~with~~ with his pipe to the great anguish of the sufferers (Moan). Phil Beebe then was a fine business-like Noah, getting even the hyenas safely into the Ark, and afterwards appeared as Monarch, in full Chinese splendour, ordering off the luckless culprit (Billy Dunnell) accused of the fatal crime of leaving milk in his glass, to instant execution.

"Belfry" was perhaps the best all through. "At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood shall die." These dreadful words ~~pronounced in~~ were pronounced in grim tones by the Judge (J.R.), and the wretched Jellyfish shrank to hear them. The fatal hour drew near, the aged sexton hobbled to his task, but the heroic maiden dashed forward, and after vain supplication, threw herself on the bell-rope.

"Curfew has not rung tonight!"

A most gallant presentment of Paul Revere (John Simons), finished the word.

By far the most dramatic event, though, was the blood-curdling acting of Blue-beard, by Mr Ogilby (Fatima), and the Doctor (Blue beard. It was really awful. This scene was "key", in the third word, "Mosquito."

~~Saturday~~,
Sunday,
July 10.

This afternoon there was a pic-nic to Hoyt's Island.
The fleet arrived ^{and} safely, the first thing we did was to
take a walk to the old field and house, which of course
was very easy, since we had such experienced guides with
us. (Exclamation points belong here, but there is a scar-
city of them on the type-writer.) Arrived there we had
an ample repast of raspberries, and then came back to
the point where we had encamped first. We now began our
meal, but were only half through when we were interrupted
by a thunder-storm. However, by the masterly intervention
of our weather man, commonly called Hippo, the storm was
kept at a safe distance, and the meal was continued in
safety. This is a fine example of our weather-man's
reliability and resourcefulness. After supper we were
favored with several songs by the "Quartet." This was very
edifying and delightful. Then, the storm having died down,
we packed up and went home again.

Among the amusing incidents of the afternoon Jack
Simons played a very considerable part. First he was in
a terrible rage because it was posted on the board that
there were two passengers in his boat, the second of them
an unknown individual named "Grub". However, the un-
welcome guest proved to be only the supper, and Jack was
in some measure pacified. And then, again, when he started

off with his boat still tied to the float, it is possible that he was merely trying to show us how fast his boat was.

It was too bad, after all the faculty's hard work in putting up the boats as shelter for the storm, that the storm should keep shy of the point upon which we had encamped. However, perhaps this is just as well; for wherever the rain did come down, it came with a will, and we might have got a wetting.



1st Game			2nd Game			3rd Game			1st Game			2nd Game			3rd Game		
Algonquins Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
Capt. John	X			1.		X									X		
M. Ogilby		4.		1.													
Dr. Harrington	X		X	2.		X									X		
J. H. Hall	X					X		1.									
C. P. Beebe	X				1.												
C. P. Bingham	X		1.			X											
Ladd	X		X			X											
Pearce	X		X			X											
Pearland			X		1.	X									X		
Cary						X											
Chapman			X			X									X		
Minot	X	1.				X											
Lamb		1.				X		1.			3				X		
Motter						X									X		
Pies	X														X		
Constock		1.									3				X		
Howe		1.						2.							X		

9 8 2 8 8 2 13 8 0 10 5 0 8 11 0 10 15 3

July 11th 1905

Small Expeditions

Sly Fox

Morton - Putnam
Cary - Beebe
Lamb - Rees
L.E.R. jr - E.H.
Prof.

Rangetey 2

C.P.B.
C.P.B.²
Chisholm
J.W.R.

Rangetey 1

Henderson
Sloan
Chapman
Capt. Jack.

Canoe 1

Aiken
Comstock
Perry
J.R.

Canoe 2

E.N.B.
Elliot
Ladd
J.T.

Entomological Committee

Pearce
Howe
Lawrence

R.R.

Monday, Clear, fresh wind, but still muggy.
July 10.

T. 81. We hoped the North-west wind would have cleared off the

B. 29.43.

W. W, Fresh. hot weather, but it seemed more inclined to clear it on.

The morning squads are doing good work, and the Camp is now looking very well picked up. The Carpentering squads, with the Doctor, begins tomorrow; so far he has been doing great work, putting up all the Infirmary shelves, etc, by himself.

Second
Scouting
Afternoon.

Second Scouting Afternoon.

The first two games did not go off quite as well as usual, owing to the two watches not being exact at the start. The Algonquins won both, by the same score, 2-0., which was particularly to their credit in the second game when the Iroquois had a full minute's start of them, owing, as has been said, to the difference between the two watches. In the third game the Iroquois were in for blood, and they got it. The starts were exact, to the second, and the game was a very fierce one. Thirteen Algonquins were killed, and ten Iroquois. The Iroquois killed first the Captain, and then the home-guard (on the Sage-brush side), crippling the Algonquins frightfully. Three runs were made, and more would have come in if there had been time.

It was decided that the custom of carrying sweet-fern, etc, to disguise and hide people, is not very sportsmanlike, and is to be given up after this.

To our ~~##~~ sorrow, John Simons had to go today. He sails for England on the 19th, with two other Groton fellows, to spend the summer mostly in Switzerland, coming to Harvard in the fall. Both he and Bob Henderson have had good news from their Final Examinations since they came, both having points to their credit.

Dr. Chug went in the evening, with John Simons, but we hope to have him with us later in the summer.

A sudden and quite lively shower came up this evening while all the boats were out admiring the peaceful beauty of the sunset. There was a hasty pulling for the shore all round. Phil Beebe, Chippy and Bob Henderson, however, being well along the Gleason shore, retired prudently to one of the camps, and came home warm and dry an hour later. There was a very beautiful rainbow with the shower.

Bean-bags were started in the evening\$, also battle-dore and shuttle-cock, for the first time, and it is hoped some good scores will be made. The Record, it will be remembered (battle-dore and shuttle-cock), made by Harriff and Catain John, was in the thousands.

uesday, Calm, clear. Muggier!
uly II.
79.

29.50. The First Camping Trip got off after afternoon reading,
0. bound for Long Pond, and parts ~~as~~ unknown:

Dunnell Pousland
Mekinney Webb.
Minot
Mr. Barton.

First
Camping
Trip.
In the afternoon we had a first-rate series of water expeditions. Mr. Shaw, at his old place in the Fox, took a good crew to the South Shore; the Doctor went with four picked men in the Corker to the Mills, and brought home wonderful stores, peppermints, brown gingham, oranges, and other useful things. ~~##~~ Captain John's crew explored to the end of the South Bay, and one of the other crews, we are not sure which, went up Brillig Brook. J.W.R.'s crew rowed along the shore by the Walrus Tree, and report many more ~~as~~ camps on the shore there.

The Doodle-bug Committee did not really go on an expedition, but did some good hard ^{helpful} ~~valuable~~ work in getting material ready for collecting later in the season. We hope the work will be as good as last years; certainly the workers are beginning finely.

The Pie-Plant was launched this afternoon, and once more rides gallantly on the waves.

The very heavy muggy weather still keeps up, but with our Weather man deserting us we could not expect much of it.

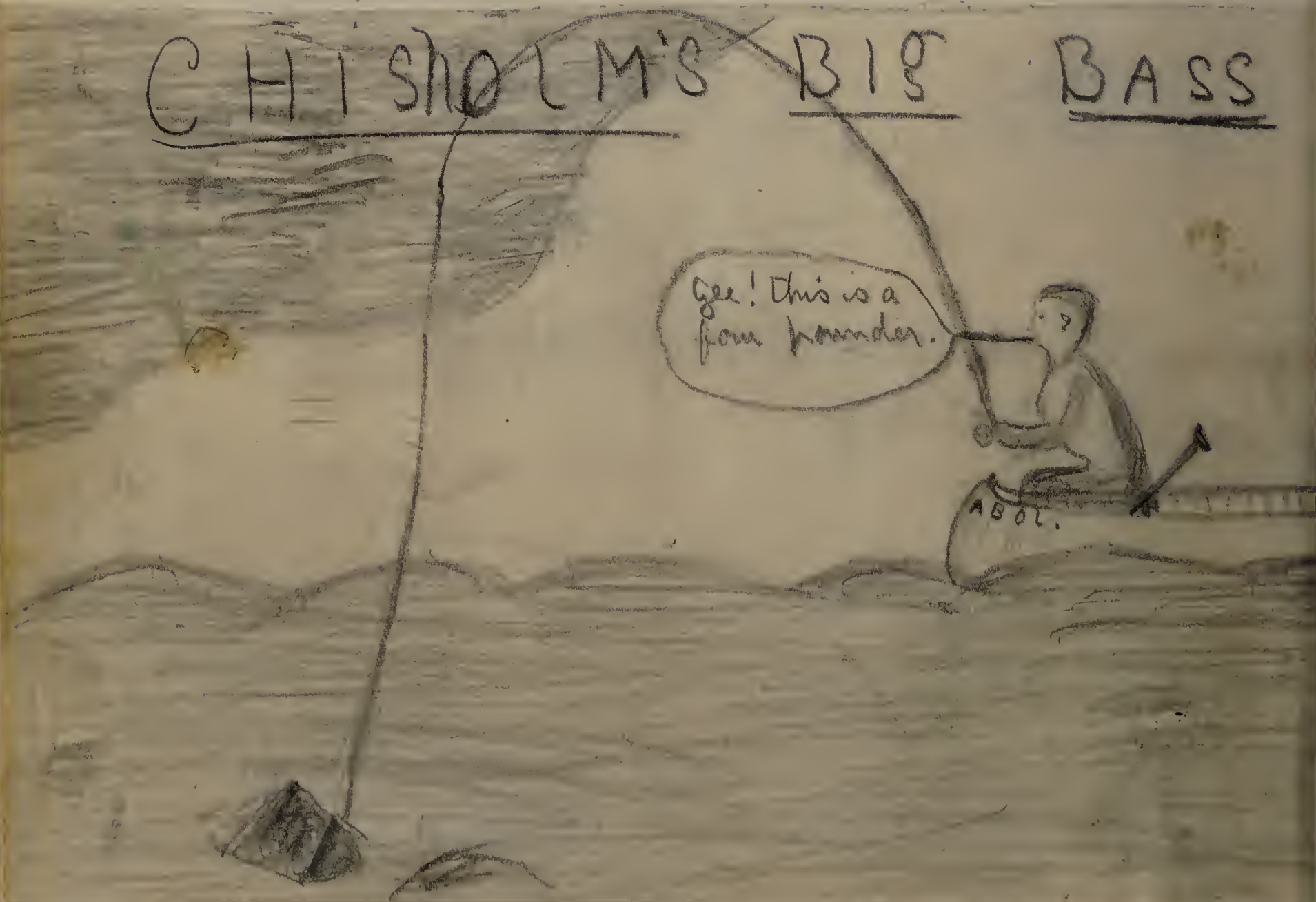
The Doctor's Squad have done some good work clearing the path. Next time they will probably do more still , and clear away the cut branches, trees, etc.

The Hermit Thrush was still singing at eight oclock last evening, as late as we have ever heard one.

Wonderful gymnastic stunts are being done by the Faculty and Half-past Niners in the evenings.

The Salmon seem to have gone astray!

CHISHOLM'S BIG BASS



Last evening we had a vrey good evening on the water, the Faculty and all experts taking out crews for rowing and paddling lessons. Very good work indeed is being done on the water this year. No one has passed the canoeing test yet, but we really have not had a day rough enough, and the half-past eighters are proving unusual quick and good at taking hold of managing a canoe. They are getting the hang of it wonderfully quickly, and several of them who had never paddled before are steering already very well. The rowing goes very well too, though there are a good many of the brethren who ought to work steadily at their feathering.

Swimming examinations passed:

Victor Chapman.

Quite a rare orchid, Liparis, was found on the Hoyt's Island picnic.

The boys who are tutoring this year are:

Harding.	Bennett
Lamb.	Elliot.
Pearce.	Ladd.
Morton	

We had visitors today, Mr. and Mrs Morton, with Marcus' little sister, and Mrs. Pousland. It is a great pleasure to have the different parents at the Camp.



Dr Moore's Birthday.
H.H.F.'s Birthday.
Horribly Muggy, Clear.

Wednesday,
July 12.
T. 83.

If the Weather Man does'nt do better when he comes back, he is to be shipped to Pine Island, on S.S. Pie Plant.

There was Baseball this afternoon, the Doughnuts vs the Crullers, the Doughnuts winning, 5-6.

We have guests with us again today. Mr Vaughan is taking the place of the Graduates in the Box; Mr and Mrs Lamb are staying at Gleason's, but we have had the pleasure of having them at dinner.

rd
baseball
game,
doughnuts 6,
crullers 5.

W. W. Vaughan
A. L. Lamb
H. A. Lamb

One frightful occurrence has not been recorded! The Skipper thought that half-past five was half past six! Only the South Dormitory, and Sunshine Alley, fortunately, had been waked when the mistake was found out. The South turned over and took another nap; the North, and Bachelor's Row, slept on peacefully, but really the Ladies had the best time of it, for we had a wonderful long swim at half past five.

Sing-Song tonight, a sing-song we shall probably remember a good while,

~~Sing~~

SECOND SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, CHOPSTICKS,

F.M.B., J.R., L.E.R.

STUNT, OLD BLACK JOE,

THE DOCTOR.

CARD TRICKS,

CHIPPY.

CORUSES,

JOHN PEEL, DRINK PUPPY DRINK,

QUARTTETTE, THE OLD ARK, ("GENERAL GRANT, encore),

F.M.B., R.B.O., J.R.,
J.H.H.

Dance,

J.W.R.

CHORUSES,

FORTY YEARS ON, CAMP SONG.

We had a first-class Boston afterwards, with all hands but one (or two.).

We don't know who had a night-mare in the Snorery last night; a single little shriek was heard through the Camp && at about eleven, by everyone but Captain Jack!

FOURTH

Culler
Base

VS.

Doughnut

AT

Spring Field

DATE,

July 1st 1906

	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	I	B	S	B	S	H	P	O	A	E
Cumstock	3B	1		1		2																		
C.A.S.	SS	1		1		1																		
Hall	P	2		2		3																		
R.B.O	1B	3		3																				
D.J.	C	1																						
Horton	R																							
Reese	L																							
Lauch	2B																							
Chapman	C																							
Total		1	2	3	4	0	4	5																

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BASES ON BALLS.....TWO-BASE HITS.....THREE-BASE HITS.....HOME RUNS.....
 DOUBLE PLAYS.....HIT BY PITCHED BALL.....STRUCK OUT.....PASSED BALLS.....
 WILD PITCHES.....UMPIRE.....H.J.R.....SCORER.....TIME OF GAME.....

Culler

VS.

Doughnut

AT

DATE,

July 1st 1906

	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	I	B	S	B	S	H	P	O	A	E
Elliott		1				1																		
Bennett		1		1		1																		
Beebe	1B	2		3		2																		
Harding	C	1		1		1																		
J.R.	P	1		3		1																		
Ladd	2B	3																						
Chas. L.	L	1		3		1																		
Rooney	C					1																		
Perry	R																							
Total		2	0	3	4	2	6																	

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 DOUBLE PLAYS.....HIT BY PITCHED BALL.....STRUCK OUT.....PASSED BALLS.....
 WILD PITCHES.....UMPIRE.....SCORER.....TIME OF GAME.....

Cullers

VS.

Doughnuts

AT

Sojers Field

DATE,

July 13th 1905

Cullers	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	I	B	S	B	S	H	P	O	A	E
Constance		1	1-3																					
Barton		1	1																					
W. J. Jack		1	1																					
W. J. Jack		1	1																					
Henderson		1	1																					
Trinit		1	1																					
Pearl		2	1																					
Quinnell		2	3																					
Ross		1	1																					
		1	1																					
		1	1																					
Total		3	4																					

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DOUBLE PLAYS.....HIT BY PITCHED BALL.....STRUCK OUT.....PASSED BALLS.....
WILD PITCHES.....UMPIRE.....SCORER.....TIME OF GAME.....

Doughnuts

VS.

Cullers

AT

DATE,

July 13th 1905

	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	I	B	S	B	S	H	P	O	A	E
Golfer		1	1																					
Pearl		1	1																					
J. P.		1	1																					
Ward		1	1																					
R. J. C.		1	1																					
P. J. C.		1	1																					
R. J. C.		1	1																					
Chase		1	1																					
G. J. C.		1	1																					
		1	1																					
		1	1																					
Total		7	1																					

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BASES ON BALLS.....TWO-BASE HITS.....THREE-BASE HITS.....HOME RUNS.....
DOUBLE PLAYS.....HIT BY PITCHED BALL.....STRUCK OUT.....PASSED BALLS.....
WILD PITCHES.....UMPIRE.....SCORER.....TIME OF GAME.....

Thursday,
July 15.

Wind fresh, Westwrlly; Clear, a little cooler,

This afternoon there was the fourth game between the Doughnuts and the Crullers, in which the Doughnuts won by a score of eight to seven. The game was very interesting, in that there was a good deal of hitting, rather more than in former games. Besides the game there was also practice in batting and in base-running, which was very

Fourth
base-ball
game.

~~There was a lot of "bug" work~~

Doughnuts 8
Crullers 7.

much needed, with the Pine Island game in view.

Mr Shaw went this morning. VERY UNFORTUNATELY he missed the train, and had to wait over till the next. We miss him very greatly, as it seemed like last summer to have him back in Camp. His company have just opened a new office in Providence, of which he is in charge, so that he will be there from now on.

The muggy weather is breaking at last after two solid weeks. It seems to be coming round to good clear North West.

July 14,
Friday.

Northwest, Cool perfectly clear.

This afternoon there was the third fishing expedition, in which the camp record was broken. There were caught altogether forty-two fish; thirty-eight bass, three perch, and one horned pout, and great was the joy thereof in the camp.

The remainder of the camp went to Philip Mountain in the

3rd Days'

Fishing,

38 Bass,

3 perch,

1 horn out.

Sly Fox, where the Doctor found a kodak. (N.B. Not the Sly

Fox.) After a successful trip they returned home just in time

for supper.

To-day the salmon from Mr. George Richards arrived,

much to the joy of the whole camp. With both salmon and

6 Salmon

from G.H.R. bass on hand, we seemed almost swamped in fish. However,

there did not seem to be many objections forthcoming, and

there even appeared quite a little interest in the coming

festival, or festivals, strange to say. The thanks of

the camp are due to both Mr. Richards and to the fishing

party. There are six salmon, this year, while last year we

had only four. The biggest this year was about twenty five

pounds, but we will remember that the prize one last year

was thirty-seven pounds, and took an hour and a quarter to

play.

Pine Island came up to call, and to make proposals for the first game, while ~~##~~ most of the Camp was still off fishing or on the expedition. It is ever so nice and friendly to see them again. Mr Colby came, and Mr. Rand, Mrs and Miss Colby. It is nice to know that a great many of our gallant

and friendly enemies are back again this year, Richards, Rice, Gleason, and others. Their First Boy, Sidney Lovatt, is coming in August, and ours, Sam Bennett, comes next week for a visit.

It is pretty terrible, though to have the First Game as near as next Wednesday!

We forgot to say that a crew, Bob Henderson, Pousland, R.B.O. and R.R. took the first lot of mending across on this afternoon. We found Mrs. Merow kind and friendly as usual, and if possible a very little stouter.

Mrs Pousland is still at Mrs. Gleason's.

The First Washing came back on Thursday. Some of the lists show such variety and power of imagination in spelling that we must put one or two in:

- I Pear of Stockings.
- I Handchief.
- 2 Pances.
- I Towl.
- I Drows.

Just after supper the Camp echoed with the never-forgotten cry of "OH RHEINHARDT!" The Flag had got fouled, and Rheinhardt, (F.M.B.) swarmed like a flash of lightning up the tree, and got it clear.

Chester's Birthday.

Saturday, Clear, Cooler.
July 15.
T. 76.
B. 29.33.
W West,
Light.

Chippy left us this morning, and we miss him dreadfully.

Fortunately we have arrivals to make up for it:

Anne Taggard Piper.
Francis Pawle, Jr.

Both their trunks, alas, have gone astray, but we

5th hope not very far.

Baseball ~~8:30~~
afternoon,
No Score.

There was Base-ball practice in the afternoon. The Game is beginning to loom pretty near. Jelly took a selected squad for the mail, after Scrub was over, and the Nine settled down to work, and the Doodle-buggers went up to the farm, and picked a great basket of honey clover, for Mrs Richards.

First Raspberry Pie today, also first Blueberry Cake. There ought to be berries right along from now on.

Chester's Birthday was celebrated with a frosted cake, and candles; he is wisely going to remain a Half-past eighter, though, so as to grow up as tall and strong as Bill.

CHARADES.

Charades.

The charades tonight, were fine, as usual. We led off with:

AGONY,

First two syllables, touching recollections of our tender childhood, (particularly tender ones from Bob), followed by heart-rending singing of "Long, Long Ago".

last syllable, Marcus Morton sustains a painful fracture in climbing Rocky Mountain --- "He has, I am pained to say, compound fractures of the Radius, Ulna, Clavicle, Clavichord, Tibia, and Fibula!" (Knee).

Whole word, Andrew and Mike (J.R., Bob,), hiding the Yam Yar; Prussic acid does not agree as well as jam!

NIGHT-MARE.

A Tournament, two gallant knights, Jelly, and we think, Jim Minot, meet in full shock with splintering lances.

Second syllable, Tam'o Shanter's Ride, a wonderful performance; how F.M.B. galloped at such a lightning pace from the pursuing witches, we cannot see --- "And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!"

Whole word, N. Bennett's Camp, painfully awakened, flees home in the night.

~~Caesar~~

CAESAR.

This was the best of all. The sublime arrogance of the Czar of all the Russias (E. Harding), and the wily yet fierce treachery of the assassin^s, with his would-be gifts (See, Czar!), made our blood run cold, and the explosion was much the best we have ever had; Ned might have broken his neck! ----- The whole word was splendid, too. Caesar's port and dignity were perfectly superb (if his pronunciation was a little odd!), and the assassins were terrible to see.

Today's happy news was kept untill tonight; and just before half past eight Mrs. Richards told us all together that Miss Julia and Mr. Shaw are engaged, and are going to be married this very coming Christmas.

General Notes of Importance.

Arthur Shaw is spending the summer abroad, with his family.

A letter came tonight for March Wheelright, making us want our Cherub dreadfully!

The Brown Sugar is nearly gone! Oh, Jimmy Minot!

The Half-past Niners have finished the Prisoner Of Zenda in evening reading, and have begun the Naulakha.

First Raspberries, Friday night for supper.

The No. 1 Dormitory has had a troubled night. Tom Lamb discourses in his sleep, sometimes with violence. He has'nt yet tried to climb under his bureau, like John Boggs, mistaking it for a tent flap.

Dean Briggs was Captain of the Volkmann Baseball team this spring.

Eliot Farley rowed stroke of the victorious Harvard Four this spring. This is our greatest athletic ~~achievement~~ glory ~~we have~~ we have ever had. We hope very much that Eliot may get down later.

There is a Race on between two members of the Faculty. Hush! They say that while one's is darker, the other's really is a little longer, and may be seen distictly with a high-power microscope. We are wagering ourselves on Catain John.

We have forgotten to record the winter's matrimonial events!! Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Kimball both were married in the early spring.

Sunday, clear.
July 16.

T.77.

B.29.42

W.Light.

This afternoon there was a pic-nic to Monkey Point.

Although nobody seemed to know where we were going to, or, in other words, where this point was, nevertheless we reached that point in due time, and without further delay walked through the woods to the camping place. Arrived here we took a walk to the end of the point, where our worthy friend Pickles endeavored to amuse us by falling into the water. Later he repeated this performance, desirous of more recognition possibly. On this point there was found a skeleton, lying partly hidden in the water. The opinion was ventured that it was the skeleton of the lone monkey after whom the point was named—imaginary, it is true, but nevertheless interesting.

We now returned to the camping ground, where we soon had supper. After this we were favored by the "Quartet" and several songs of the "DANIEL, DANIEL, variety. Then Daniel, Daniel;" we returned home.

There is one item of the winter's happenings which we have not spoken of yet, and which all the last years' Campers will be very sorry to hear. Dr. Converse, the fine Pine Island doctor (a champion Harvard hurdler), who helped us so much at our Fire, and was so fine in the games, died this winter, in his third year in the medical school, after a very short illness of meningitis, caught in hospital. They have our sympathy in this very great loss.

Once upon a time' there was a typewriter went on a BAT.

Monday, cloudy.

July 17.

B.29.20 The above remark was made by some inmate of the Snow
T.72

W.Calm.tory during the editors' absence.Whether it is true or
not we do not say.

This afternoon there were expeditions to the Mills
and to Meadow Brook, the camp being divided into two
parties, the larger of which going to Meadow Brook.
There was a dead calm, and the work was very easy-so
easy, in fact, that some members of the party were very
much disposed to loaf. However, we arrived all in due time
and began to torture ourselves in the intricate twists
and turns of the brook. After some time spent in this way
we arrived at the first bridge, where we stopped. We returned
home very soon.

Those who went to the Mills seemed to enjoy them-
selves very well; they came back full of wooden collar
buttons (which they had procured at the Mills) and prac-
tically swamped us in them.

In the evening the half-past-niners took boats out
to Pickerel Rock and sang. The moon was almost full and
a delightful evening was passed there.

We have just heard that, owing to his work in the
summer school, Harry Fay will not be able to get down
this summer. This is more loss than we can say. None of

Tuesday,
July 17.
80
3. 29.27.
V. West,
fresh.

the Old Merryweathers can really ever think of Camp without him, and the new brethren will miss one of the summer's best thing clear and bright; a good deal of mugginess early in the morning, but the fresh wind is helping out a lot.

A good letter from Mr. Dick says that he is sailing on the Saxonia about August 1, which will bring him here about the 10.

We have guests again this morning; and Jack didn't know anything about it till last night!

Smart
Shower
in the
night;
no wind.

Mary Elliot.
J. W. Elliott

The afternoon was given to strenuous, and horribly necessary practice for the Team. Good gracious, the game is tomorrow! The Doodle-bug Squad, however, were exempted, and did some solid work on their Scheme, which is going to be divulged to the Camp later. We think it is going to be pretty nice.

There was a slight shower in the afternoon, but nothing to speak of; we had a good little rain, though, in the night.

The Guest we have been so hoping for did not turn up by the regular train, and our hearts went down; about nine o'clock though, the Skipper came in, saying there was "A tramp outside, who wanted to know if he could have some supper," and there was ~~##~~ our last years' Short-Stop, a little taller and a good deal broader, but the same Pat. Hurrah! for him!

W. B. Barton.

Picnic - July 16th 1905

Sly Fox

Lawrence (pass.)
Beebe - Howe
Perry - Lamb
Chapman - Webb
F.R. - L.E.R. jr.
Putnam (pass.)
J.H.H.

Ebenezer

J.T.H.
Aiken
Ladd
Henderson

Abol.

F.M.B.
Minot
McKinney
Sloan

Corker

H.R.
Elliot
Comstock
J.W.R.

Pantasote

L.E.R. (cox)
J.R.
Pousland
Grub (pass.)

Williwaw

Dunnell (cox)
R.B.O.
Rees
Pearce (pass.)

Yammer.

Miss P. (cox)
E.H.
Chisholm
Grub (pass.)

Identical

Cory (cox)
C.P.B.
E.N.B.
Morton (pass.)

Monkey Point

Wednesday,
July 19.

This afternoon there was the first game with Pine Island in which we were defeated. The game started out very evenly, but owing principally to our unsteady pitching and to their constant hitting, Pine Island slowly drew ahead. Our fielding was very good, on the whole, but our batting was wretched very few safe hits being made.

Rather than be downcast by this defeat, we should work all the harder to win the next game. Determination can do a great deal towards winning or losing a game, and determination is in the team. (Editing is at present difficult, with the the laundry overseers at the editor's side. Stockings, "swetters", "pance", and such articles are becoming entangled with the game.)

We are very glad of the admirable spirit shown by the Pine Islanders during the game; and equally so of the zeal of the younger members of our own side in pursuing lost balls.

- - - - -
The doctor's new salt spoon ought to be classed among the wonders of the world; it is a beauty.

Mr. Shaw's production in that line is of historical interest; it was made from a piece of wood taken from a sunken Federal gun-boat in the South. Sloan has also given us a fine spoon.

Merryweather vs Pine Island AT Sojer's DATE, July 19 1905

	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	I	B	S	B	S	H	P	O	A	E
Bennett	7	1		3																				
FM Barton	2	2																						
Hall	1	3			1																			
Harrington	6																							
Harding	8		1		2																			
H.B. Barton	3		2		3																			
Richards	9																							
Aiken	1			1																				
Minot				2																				
Subs. Elliot																								
Comstock Ladd																								
Total		0	0	0	1	0	3	0	1	0	5	5												

	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	I	B	S	B	S	H	P	O	A	E
Richards	5	1		1	1	1			2															
Rowley	6	1		1	2	1			3															
Rand	4			2	1	2																		
Colby	1	2		1	1																			
Williams	3	3		1	1																			
Rice			3	1		1		1																
Kittridge			1	1			1	2																
Adams								3																
Gleason			2	3		1	2		1															
Total		1	0	5	3	2	0	0	0															

Long life to good Pine Island then,
 Long life to Merry weather!-----
 ----- And when we let them beat again
 It will be chilly weather!

First Pine Island game.

The first game of the season between Merryweather and Pine Island was called at 3:15 P.M. on Sojer's Field, in which Merryweather was defeated 11-5. The fielding as a whole was strong, but the batting, especially that of Merryweather, was pitifully weak. Mr. Colby pitched a fine game, although towards the last Merryweather seemed to hit him better. Captain Jack was hit so by Pine Island that Aiken was tried for two innings, and after him Captain John pitched for the remainder of the game; off him the Pine Islanders did not get a run. Doctor Harrington, Mr. Pat, Mr. Barton and Captain John played best on the Merryweathers and Mr. Colby, Mr. Williams and Richards distinguished themselves on the Pine Island side.

First Inning: Bennett was struck out and Mr. Barton was put out on first; the third out was caused by Captain Jack's strike out. On the Pine Island half of the inning, Richards first made a two base hit on errors. Dr. Rowley's hit was caught and Mr. Rand's three bagger on errors brought Richards in. Mr. Colby and Mr. Williams struck out. Score:

Merryweather 0; Pine Island 1.

Second Inning: Dr. Harrington made a base hit and although he stole second and third, could not get a run as Harding, Mr. Pat, and Captain John struck out in succession. Rice made a base hit and took second on Kittredge's hit; however Kittredge was put out on first and on Adam's base hit Rice went to third. Gleason was put out on first and the ball went to third where Rice was put out. Score: Merryweather 0; Pine Island 1.

Third Inning: Aiken was put out on first and Minot and Bennett struck out. In this inning Pine Island went through their entire batting order. Richard made a two base hit, followed by a one base hit from Dr. Rowley. Both of these were knocked in by Mr. Rand, who was put out on home plate. Mr. Colby was put out by Mr. Pat's catch of a fly and Mr. Williams ^{and Rice, each} made a base hit, which were brought in by Kittredge's two bagger. Kittredge stole third and was brought in by Adams's hit. Adam stole second and Gleason was put out on first. Score: Merryweather 0; Pine Island 6.

~~Fourth Inning: As Pine Island had gained five runs in the last inning Aiken was put in as pitcher.~~

Fourth Inning: Mr. Barton got a base on balls and with steals and running on hits made Merryweather's first run.

Captain Jack was struck out and Dr. Harrington made a base hit; later he stole second. Harding was struck out and Mr. Pat out on a caught fly. Richards was out on a fly caught by Bennett and Dr. Rowley ~~made a base hit~~ was put out on first. Mr. Rand, ^{and Mr. Colby,} ~~made~~ each made a hit and Mr. Williams got a base on balls. All of these runs came in and Rice and Kittredge made base hits. Rice stole second and Adams was put out on first. Score Merryweather 1; Pine Island 9 in this inning, and the next Aiken pitched.

Fifth Inning: Captain John struck out. Aiken got to first on errors, but was put out on home plate. Minot got to first and Bennett got a base on balls. The latter forced Minot, who was put out at first. Gleason made a base hit and Richards was put out on a fly caught by Harding. Dr. Rowley hit safely, followed by Mr. Rand, who brought in Gleason's and Dr. Rowley's runs. Mr. Rand was put out at second and Mr. ~~Colby~~ Colby and Mr. Williams knocked safely. Rice was put out on first. Score: Merryweather 1; Pine Island 11.

Sixth Inning: About this time Merryweather decided to get to work and thereafter held Pine Island down. Mr. Barton made a hit followed by Gleason's catching Captain Jack's foul. Dr. Harrington and Harding

made hits, the former bringing in Mr. Barton's run, the latter Dr. Harrington. Mr. Pat brought in Harding's run and was struck out on third. Captain John struck out. Adams hit and Rutledge and Gleason were caught out by Captain John. Richards hit and Dr. Rowley was hit by a pitched ball. Mr. ~~Colby~~ ^{Rowley} was put out on first. Score: Merryweather ⁴ 11. Pine Island 11. Captain John pitched the remainder.

Seventh Inning: Aiken got to first on errors and Minot struck out. Bennett got a base on balls and Aiken was put out on second. Mr. Barton struck out. Mr. Colby hit and Mr. Williams got a base on balls. Rice struck out and Rutledge and Adams were put out on first. Score: Merryweather 11. Pine Island 11.

Eighth Inning: Captain Jack hit and stole second and third. Dr. Harrington was put out on first and Harding struck out. Mr. Pat brought in Captain Jack's run and was put out on second. Gleason struck out and Richards and Dr. Rowley were out on first. Score: Merryweather 15; Pine Island 11.

Ninth Inning: Captain John was put out on first and Aiken on a caught fly. Minot and Bennett made base hits and Mr. Barton struck out. The last half of the inning was not played as Pine Island has won. Score: Merryweather 5; Pine Island 11.

Thursday,
July 20,
T.75.
W, H9WIQ,
B, 29.10,
W, N.W.
Fresh.

Now, fellow editor, is this the right way to behave!
Here I see you paddling up the pond in your light canoe,
off by the morning Caucongomoc to cross the raging
Little Pond, and you done lef' out Sing Song! Just left
it out entirely! Never mind, here goes:

III SING SONG.

Wednesday, July 19.

OVERTURE, CHOPSTICKS, (With mornful variations),
F.M.B, J.R., L.E.R

DUET, PIERROT & PIERRETTE, R.R., L.E.R.

Mr Kimballs' Duet, F.M.B., J.R.

(This one of the good old favourites was welcomed again
with much applause)

CHORUSES, THE BELL, OCTOBER, THE MERRYWEATHER CREW.

SCENE, THE UNCLE OF CATO THEOPHILUS JONES, A SAD LOVE
STORY, F.M.B., J.R., L.E

STUNT, CAMP BROWN-SUGAR-OR-BUST,

(Thrilling reminiscences of the Scaling of Rocky
Mountain),

Messres, F.M.B., Minot (Brown Sugar),
Dunnell, Mckinney, Pousland,
Webb.

CHORUSES,

LYON OF 'PRESTON, CAMPTOWN RACES, I'M GOING AWAY

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON, THE WATER RATS (DUCK,
BROTHERS, DUCK),

CAMP SONG.

Thursday, cont'd.

The great event of Wednesday ought to be put by itself, though; we've got our Oldest Living Graduate back, at last! We wanted him all last summer!

S.C. Bennet jr. (a Forgery; because, alas, we forgot to get him to sign his name himself.)

Start
of 2nd
Camping
Trip.

The Second Camping

Trip got off in good shape,

in a good brisk North-

west wind. They are

bound for Little Pond,

the first longer Camping

Trip of the year. They

have perfect weather,

and it ought to be a

splendid trip.

Camping Trip

Aiken

Rees

Beebe

Pulnam

J.R. (ca

E.H.

Caucomgomock

Aboljockamegus

July 20th

The Garden is in splencic shape now, and when they
Nitro-glycerine Squad
see the peas, the ~~Nitro-glycerine Squad~~ of the spring feels
rewarded for its labours. Everybady at the South End had
three helps today, and not a few of the more valiant, four.
There are also raspberries and blueberries now right alone,
and we had our first honey the other day.

Thursday, cont'd.

In the afternoon the Doctor had the Camp up on the field, for practice and instruction in field sports, running high and broad jumps, starting in the hundred yard dash, etc. The practice went extremely well. We have of course a very small half-past-nine department, but the half-past-eighters promise finely. More of them know something about field sports than ever before, and the Doctor's report is that we ought to expect a very good showing. It is a great thing to have a crowd that understands something about field work already, and very good work was done. Pousland showed up particularly well at jumping; O.G., Jack Elliot, and Dunnell also promise well, and Jelly, and in fact nearly everybody showed up well and did good serious work. The practice easy run around the Quarter was a very pretty sight.

There was a swim after the sports, and then came the great event of the day! The FACULTY RUBBER SPORTS. The spectators feel quite weak and poorly still from laughing.

RUNNING BROAD CRAWL (Closely followed by Running broad

Prawle!)

HOP, STEP, and LEP,, won by Pat, who very nearly reached

the pitcher's box on the last lep; F.M.B

a close second; he says he let his little

brother win from kindness.

HEEL & TOE RACE.

RUNNING BROAD HOP. (This was the funniest of all, and

completely finished the audience; it

nearly finished the hoppers, too, who landed all in a heap

Friday,
July 20,
T. 74,
B. 29. 16,
W, N.W,
Fresh.

Clear, sparkling.

Miss Piper went this morning (we didn't want her to),
L.E.R. jr. going as far as Winthrop with her, then on to
Gardiner, and back by the seven o'clock train, bringing
French idioms and other necessities.

We ought to say a word about the weather. Wednesday
was the \$\$\$ last day, we hope for a good long while, of the
extroardinarilly long spell of muggy, dog day weather we
have been having for two solid weeks. Yesterday and today
have been our own kind, sparkling bright, with dark blue
water and black shadows, Bigelow and all the hills sharply
clear, v everything like a jewel, and the wooded shores
looming very tall and dark. Those of us who went up to look
saw a very wonderful last three quarters of the moon, rising
huge and low and yellow over the lagoon. about half-past ten
last night.

Short
Expeditions,
Blueberry
Hill
Chiland
Shute
Island.

There was very nearly the lowest barometer on record
just as the heavy weather cleared away, 29.10. We are glad to
see that our Weather Expert signs his name in full, to avoid
forgeries, HIPPO WEBB.

Livly nights in the North Dormitory; Mary Anne prattles,
Tom Lamb shouts at times, and there are many snores.

There were first-rate Short Expeditions this afternoon.
The Shhep, (Shute Islanders), got an eight quart pail almost
full of raspberries, the Goats (Blueberry Hill), did not quit
so well with blue berries; but then, they say theu ate more b
the way. The Sheep got a very large Sphinx caterpillar, which
we hope will come out well.

The Campers came home in great form at 7.45, and it is
grand to have the whole family together again. Their report
will follow.

Expeditions To
Blueberry Hill & Chute Island

Sly Fox

Cory - pass
Howe - Dunnell
Lamb - McKinney
Henderson - Perry
J.W.R. - T.R.
H.B.B. (capt)

Ebenezer

S Bennett
Sloan
Webb
J.H.H.

Pantheote

L.E.R. (capt)
J.T.H.
Poussand
Pearce (pass)

Yankee schooner

T.R. (capt)
R.B.O.
Comstock
Morton (pass)

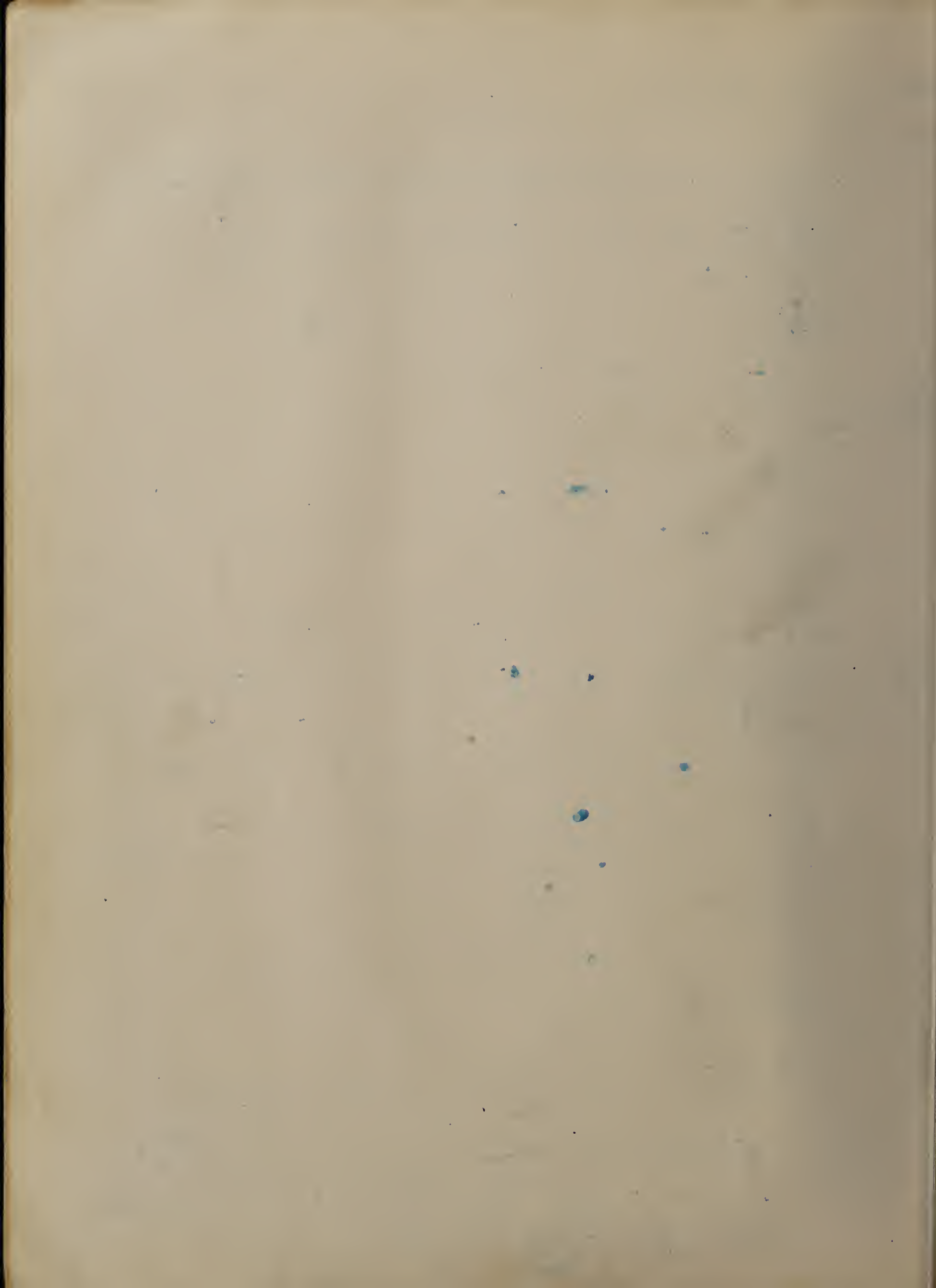
Identical

F.M.B. (capt)
Minot
Chisholm

Williwan

Elliott (capt)
E.W.B.
Ladd
Lawrence (pass)

Poor Victor!



Saturday, clear and calm.

July 22.

This afternoon there was base-ball practice for the nine and a very short game between the Doughnuts and the Cruller which resulted in a tie, 5-5. The playing was improved very much.

7th
Baseball
afternoon.

There were two new arrivals,

M. Peabody
H. Peabody

In the evening there were charades, as usual, (on Saturday & nights) and they were very successful. The first was

STABLE.

Charades. First syllable, in which Mr. Simpkins, (Bob) played a visit to his friends, and "stayed" a little while. The children were put to bed, the maid came up and wanted to put out the lights, & the two friends nearly went to sleep, but still the awful Mr Simpkins stayed - and finally he stayed all night.

Second syllable, the camp at dinner, and many ringings of the bell.

Whole word, Hercules sweeps out the stable, (i.e., Captain John).

Williwaw.

We were startled by the sudden death of Eddie Harding, and with great horror witnessed the signing of his will.

Second syllable, John Elliot is hit in the eye while playing this game of French cricket.
Third syllable

Saturday. cont'd.

Third syllable, a terrible war, in which we are horrified by the Doctor's terrible appearance as he fells poor Eddie at one blow-- only to fall himself, after shouting "The victory is ours!" at the top of his lungs.

Whole word, a race on the "red sea" in a williwaw.

Neophyte.

In a race one of the jockeys fell from his horse and sadly injured his "poor dear knee". This served as the first two syllables. For the last, there was the well known Nelson-Britt boxing match, (Mike and Marcus being the principal parts; Pat was a most remarkable trainer) which was supposed to last sixty rounds. Betting was high, but was frustrated by the final knock-out of both parties. Whole word, the initiation of a young man into a society.

Captain Jack and Mr Rawls left us at noon. Captain Jack is looking like himself again, we are glad to say. He looked in wretched shape when he came down as was only natural after his illness and the great heat. Six pounds in ten days helps out a great deal, though. He looks well and brown, and we hope has made gain enough to take him through the summer of hard work in the Steel Works in good shape.

Swimming examinations passed:

Mauran Pearce.

The Doctor's delightful illustrations help the Log editors out enormously. We hope he will find time for many more.

We have had good letters from Hoggv. Mud-hen. and Phil Beebe.

Sunday, cloudy.
July 23.
T, 67
3, 29.46
W, calm.

This afternoon there was a pic-nic to North Beach.

Upon arriving there we took a walk to a hill just above the beach where we were overjoyed by finding a lot of blueberries. Having enjoyed the view for a while we returned to the beach and had supper.

After supper we sang songs, (John Brown with variations, My Grandfather, etc, .) and then embarked. On the way home there were several rather personal songs started by the Sly Fox with the result that the whole party soon took it up, and a regular war-fare was begun, especially between the Fox and Caucomgomock.

The line formed preparatory to the start of the race home was very pretty--it would be very pleasant if the boats would always keep in such a line. As for the race itself, it was very exciting; the Fox won, the Identical was second, and the Cauco third.

A.M.R.'s Birthday.

Monday, Light Cloudy, mist and light spatterings of rain; we have
July 24.
T. 64!! just grazed the storm which showed in the west last night. It

B. 29.35. looks as if we should be all out of it again tomorrow.
W.S, Light.

REally cool! The perfect north west weather for these la
last three days has brought the temperature down finely.

3rd
Camping
Trip.

The fire was lighted for the first time this morning, and
seemed very nice and cosy and breakfast, and all through
the day.

The Campers got off in very gay spi-
rits, in spite of the threatening rain,
looking very business-like in rubber coats,
rubber boots^m and sou'westers.

2nd
Practice
for
Field
Sports

The practice this afternoon showed good
improvement over last time. Aiken, O.G.,
Pickles, and Pousland showed up perhaps
best in the jumps, while Albany, Chapman, ~~ss~~
Jelly and Hippo all came up well. Alas,
the Faculty (Facticles, as Andrew calls
them), gave us no rubber sports afterwards!

The practice in the Hundred was very pretty. The or-
der in the 1st squad (Mike, Squedunk, Frank, Babe, Pick-
les, Mary Anne), was:

Pickles. Mary Anne. Babe.

In the 2nd (Pousles, Jelly, Tom, Elliot, Albany, O.G.)

Pousles. O.G. Albany.

In the 3rd, (Aiken, Hippo, Rees, Sloan, S.Bennett, Victor),

Aiken, Sloan, Chapman. (Very close between Aiken and
Sloan.)

Camping Trip
July 24th

Morlon
Minot
Henderson
Howe
Chisholm

H.B.B.

Monday , contin'd.

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$
Saturday, cont'd.
\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

INSPECTION WEEK.

After the practice, there was Base- ball practice, and French Cricket.

Splendid energy in Addehumps! S.Bennett hurled himself off the float into the water in his efforts!

The birds have practically stopped singing this last week, and with the colder weather; only the water pewee, and a late song sparrow are still singing regularly in the mornings.

The Doctor's Squad are putting up a very pretty railing on the Infirmary piazza.

M.Peabody and S. Bennett are in the Snoritory; perhaps our new guest ought to be there too! Having been up most of the night before, he slept past North Belgrade, and woke up at Oakland, too late to do anything but go on to Waterville, and back from there. After different adventures, and searching the shores of Mess-lonskee for us, he arrived just as we were giving him up for the night. We are so glad he found us!

Harper Sibley

Inspection began this morning! This accounts for the air of stern determination through the Camp. The Ladies really think----- but no, we will not tell till later!

Tuesday, clear.

JULY 25.

T. 73

B. 29.21

W. rising, fresh.

Our remark that the birds seemed to have failed us was disproved last night by the songs of both a Hermit thrush and a catbird; also by the appearance of two more eagles. We were favored by a rare and beautiful sight this afternoon--a white swallow. Chet says that he saw it the day before.

In the evening there were initiations,--Morton, Rees, Chapman, and McKinney. The Doctor did a wonderful piece of work in initiating, and Victor was the only one who caught on. Every person in the camp is now a member except Frank Lawrence.

3rd
Scouting
Afternoon.

Swimming examinations passed,-- Webb and Cary.

An arrival,

Frank H. Whitman

The ~~Scout~~ account of the Scouting Game follows, on the other side of the score.

Just as we came down from the Hunting Grounds the Campers landed at the float. They are Camp Panti-soak, and they say they had a splendid time, in spite of the rain.

Mr. Barton, S. Bennett, and M. Peabody spent the night at the Point.

Algonquins.

Iroquois.

Algonquins.			Iroquois.		
1st. Game.	2nd Game	3rd Game.	1st Game.	2nd Game	3rd. Game.
Killed Shots Runs.	Killed Shots Runs.	Killed Shots. Runs.	Killed Shots Runs	Killed Shots Runs	Killed Shots Runs.
J.R. X 1.	X 1.	X 1.	F.M.B. 1.	3.	
M. Ogilby. 2.	X 2.	X	Harding		0
Dr. Harington X	X 2.	X 1.	Bennett 1.	X	X 2.
Ladd X	X 1.	X 1.	Aiden. 1.	X	
Powland 1.		1.	Perry		X.
Cary X 1.	X 1.	1.	Lawrence	X.	
Chapman X	1.		Ellis 2.	X.	X 3
Lamb.	1.		Beck. X		X 1. 1.
Rees. X		X.	Sloan X 2.	X	X
Conrad. 2.	X.	2.	Dunnell X	X 4.	X 1.
J.W.R. X		X 1.	McKinney X		X
Pearce X	X 1.	X	Well. 1.		1.
S.C. Bennett		X.	Pulman X	X 1.	X 2.
M. S. Hays. X		X	M. Peabody X	X	X 1.
9.	0 8.	0	H. Peabody 8	9.	X

THIRD SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Today's was the best scouting of the year so far. Though of course we missed the campers, and wanted to have our great runner of last year, Mr. Pat, playing again, everybody was better up to his work than before this year, and the playing was keen and good. The score was singularly close. The Iroquois had the first game by one enemy killed, 8-9., and the Algonquins the second by exactly the same score. The third game went to the ~~\$\$~~ Iroquois, Irun to 0. ~~These~~ The slides were wonderfully well matched all through, and the playing extraordinarily close. Babe ~~##~~ has the honour of the one run made, having got through on an error of Mike's. Some of the noticeable things of the game were the very clever mock-ghost work done by Eagle (5~~8888~~ shots, though one of them was his own side), and Mike's long shot from the little pine tree at the North end, which brought down the Eagle after ever so many nearer Scouts had let him go. The Doctor did some exptroordinary running, and Pickles, J.W.R., and he all came very near scoring. Mr. Barton really made a second run in the 1 last game, but as he did not hear the "All In " call, he was afraid it might be over time, and did not report it.

Two good changes were made: the games are to be called at five minutes before the hour, giving morw time at the end for getting re ady for supper, and the starting signal is to be given from now on by the umpire. Two ^{scouts} scouts are posted where they can see the umpires' signal, and yet be within shouting distan of their own sides; the umpire wavws a handkerchief for the startin signal, the two scouts shout to their captains, so the start will be practically exact.

Wednesday, Clear and bright; still Northwest.

July 26.

\$\$\$

T. 72.

B. 29.25.

W. West. Andrews and the Mikes. The playing was a marked improvement both in pitching and in fielding, especially on the Andrews, who won. A brilliant account follows; - at least it will follow as soon as Percy has got it copied.

We forgot to put in the Rescue of the Woodchuck

last Sunday, a really very queer thing indeed. R.R. and

Cheese were paddling along the shore after Swim, and just

happened to notice, about quarter of a mile up, what

they took for a muskrat, in the cleft of a big split

rock. It wasn't till they got out and stood looking

straight down at him that it occurred to them that he

would not stay there just to be admired, but that something was wrong. The Skipper and Capt. John came on a

rescue party, and found, sure enough, that the little

beast was wedged tight between the rocks, his nose forced

up in the air, unable to move. He could not have lived

very much longer if he had been left alone. It was a

pretty heavy job, wedging the heavy rocks apart, and

what made it worse, the poor fat beastie was so frightened

that he fought and bit the oar that was put in to help

him out, chattering and hissing in rage and terror.

After twenty minutes of really hard hot work, and first

encouraging, and then exasperated, cries of "Come on

th
baseball.

Rescue
of the
Woodchuck.

Wednesday, contin'd

Then, a Chuckie! Chuckie, come on! G'wan out of that! Get out, you little fool!" Chuckie finally gave up fighting, saw suddenly that his way was clear, came out with a frightened flounce, and vanished up the hill. He won't try cracks in the rock for a good while again, we take it.

The Camp Moses Stunt tonight was gorgeous, a perfectly lovely one. Maynard's Magic was very good, and the Sing-Song all through was very good.

We have had atemporary loss; the Sphinx Caterpillar has gone into winter quarters, ~~it~~ but we hope to meet again next June.

--- Victor gave a brilliant and complete, if startling, exhibition of the resisting powers of the egg-shell, this morning at breakfast. Scientific experimenters often have to be given a wide berth in their efforts to instruct.

~~On~~



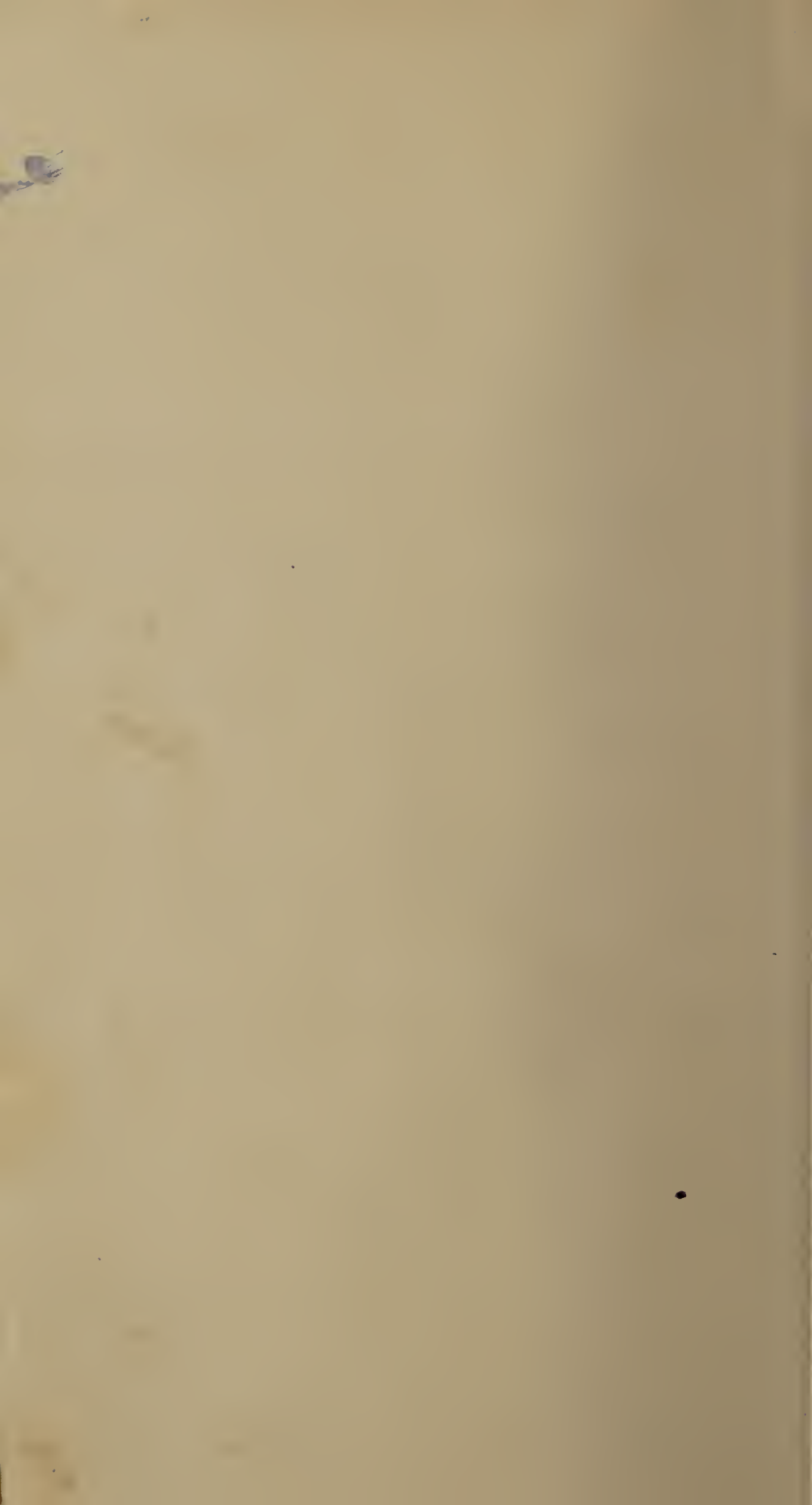
Who is it ?

July 26, 1905.

Mikes and Andrews.

Conrad Aiken up, out
on first. Chug got to third
and Mr. Ogilby got to se-
cond. Mr. Pat's up and
got to third and knocke-
d Chug and Mr. Ogil-
by in. Dr. knocked Mr.
Pat in and got out. Mr.
Whitmore got to first and
took to third. Malcolm
at out.

Constable's up and got
is base on ball on first



Washburn was out on first
 Cheese washed on back.
 Tona out on first Cheese
 out on third.

Ogee was out on first
 Mr. Barter got to third.
 Mr. Barter home. Neville
 at first. Mr. Sibley
 at first. Sibley out.

Neville caught Aiken out.
 reg. got to first ~~Washburn~~^{Chug}
 second. Mr. Ogilby on
 1st. Chug on third Mr.
 Sibley at second. Mr. D. C.
 washed out. Dr. knocked Mr.
 Sibley and Chug in and out
 third Mr. W. ~~Washburn~~ caught out.



Cheese at bat and
 got out on first. Tom
 struck out. Abeer got
 out on first. No good hits.

Jimme out on first.
 Sam had the same ^{guy} ~~back~~
 Rees got out on first
 in the same way. Jim-
 me and Sam knocked
 the ball into the pitcher's
 hands.

Chug on first a good hit
 and stole second. and then
 Mr. Pat struck out. Dr.
 knocked Chug in. and Dr.
 got to second. Mr. White

more walked to first
 on four bulls. Malcom
 hit a one longer, and
 knocked Mr. Dobby in.
~~and~~ got out on home. Cheese
 got out, he struck out Sile
 out.

Cornstock walked on four
 bulls. Mr. B. then knocked
 a fly on Malcom sent
 to. Neville did the same
 as Cornstock. Okey on third
 Mr. Dobby in first and
 Neville on second. Okey
 out on home. Neville in
 third, Sibley at second
 and Capt. Fisher on first

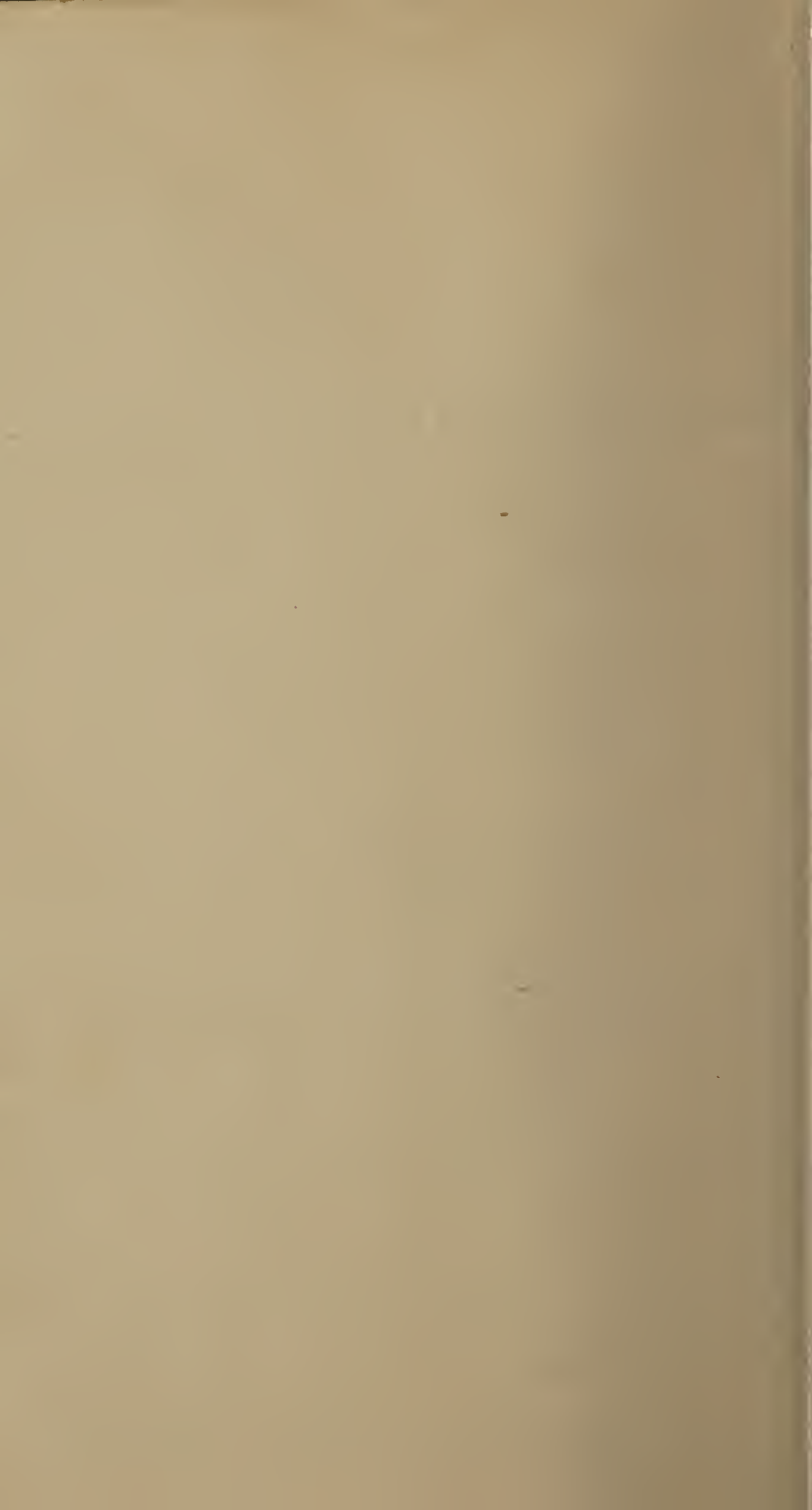


second and third. Mr.
 Barton on ~~third~~^{first} and
 Stool second. Cornstock
 got out on third and
 Mr. Barton in on a
 back throw. Merrill
 struck out. Mr. Sidley
 got to first, but second
 and third. Capt. John
 knocked him in and got
 to first. Stool second
 and Jack Eliot out on
 first which went sick
 out.

John Eliot made an out
on first. and so Penn
his run but not out.
out.

Tom got on first.
Gould had a fly and
Neville cant him out.
Chas. got to first and stood
second. Mr. Toller out.

Linnae out on first
Sam got to first on a hit.
Manbarch got to first and
Sam to second. Ogee out
on first. Best on second and
Sam on third. Sam got a
run and Best on third
Mr. Burton got a home



run and Merrill got
to second. Mr. Sully was
caught by Conrail. Side out.

Mr. Pat struck out. Dr.
put his base on balls and
steal second and come in
a bad throw. Mrs. Whit
more struck out too. Mal-
corn struck out in the same
way. Side out.

Capt. John hit himself
to first. John Eliot got
to second and Capt John
got caught ~~out~~ on second.
Jimmie got to third and
John Eliot got home; Burn

got to first and Jimmie
 got home. Rees was caught
 out by Chas.

Chase struck out. Tom
 walked to first on four balls.
 covered got to first Tom on
 out. Chas and Tom out.

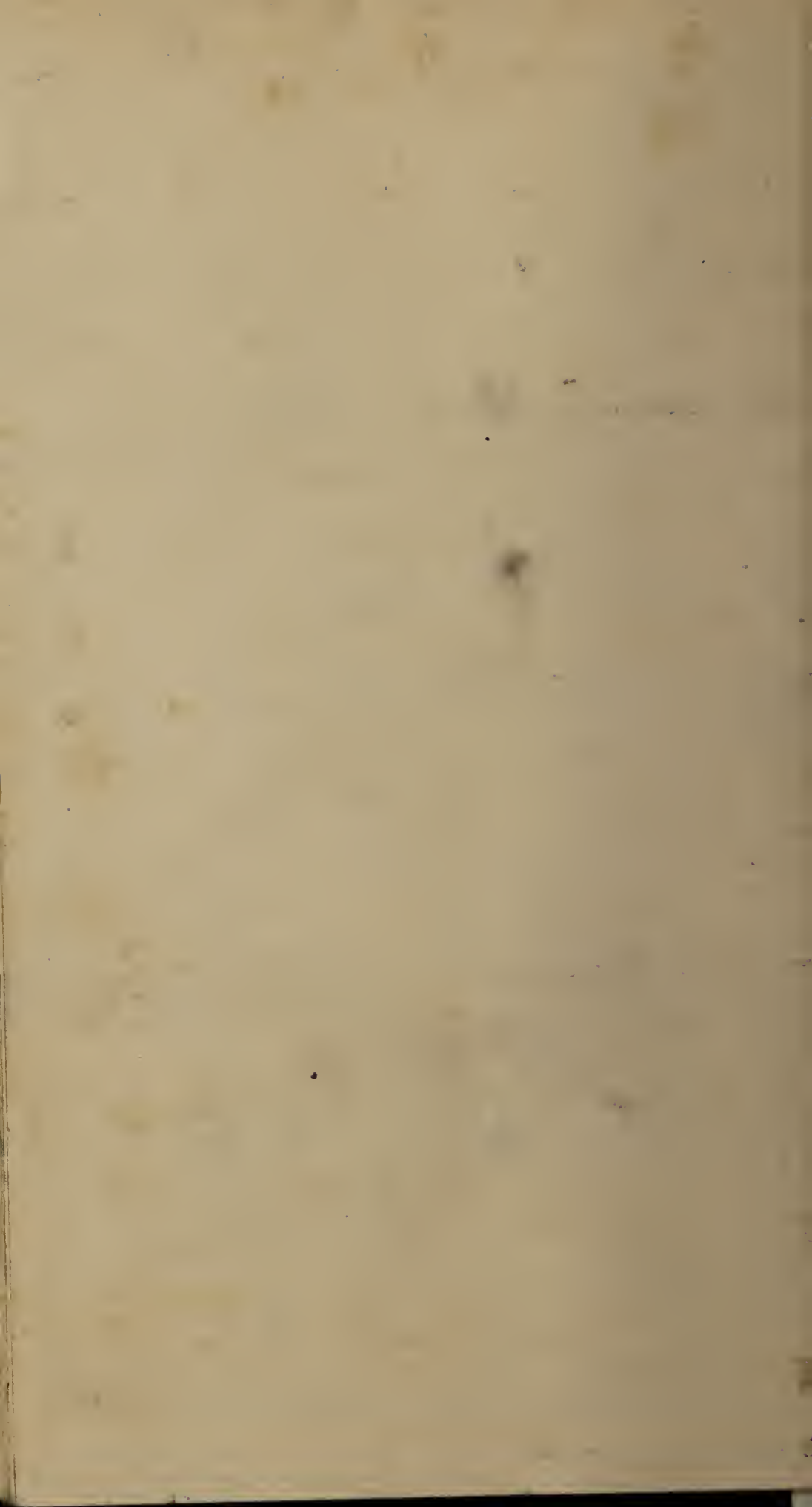
Ogee got to first. Mr.
 Burton got hit and got ^{his} ~~his~~
 base and Ogee to second. Nev-
 le on first to Mr. Burton.
 on first Ogee on third Mr.
 idly knuckled Mr. Burton
 and Ogee home and got
 to first. Capt knuckled
 Mr. Sicker on and got.



out on third. Jimmie
made a hit and John
Ediat got out on second.
Ediat got to first on a hit
where Jimmie got up.

Mr. Osilly was caught
out. Mr. Pat got his base
on balls and stole second.
Mr. was caught out. Mr. Pat
on third. He then stole in.
Mr. Whitmore made a
run bugged and attempted
third but got out.

Jimmie out on first. Sam
was out on first the same
way. Rees was out in the
same way. Dick out.



Camp Moses

We suppose it must have been a lonely day for Merryweather when we, the founders of Camp Moses, started on our trip, how could it have been otherwise? How could any one be really happy when robbed of the presence of Pickles, Beeb, Rosebud, Maynard, E. HardDing and J. Richface? And so, that Merryweather may be partially compensated for their suffering, we will tell them what a wonderful time we had.

Handkerchiefs and hats ~~we~~ were waving in the air, horse blowing, tears streaming as the Abol!!!* and the Canx!!! flew from the float ^{while} those great muscles stretched and strained, the muscles of the mighty Mosquitoes. Up to the mouth of Meadow brook and through the whole length of that sultry stream, the speed continued unabated, except when Conny cried hoarsely "A moment" and each camper dipped the aching finger in the whirling brook. Through North Pond the expedition hurried and landed upon a beach in Little Pond, a beach made famous by many trips, good trips they were, but sunk into obscurity before the

rising Sun of Moses. E.H. and J.R. immediately tackled the tent that the dew might not fall on blankets and grub, while the rest of the party hewed wood and ripped the close-clinging birch-bark that there might be a fire to cook the food and warm the toes of the merry men of Moses. Why dwell on the supper eaten that night? No one would believe how good the hot Cocoa and crisp bacon were. Suffice it to say, that the only meals that compared with it were the other meals eaten at Moses; that the cooking (mostly by E.H. & J.R.) was magnificent, and that the eating (mostly that of Oliver Beebe) was voracious. After the meal, Pickles and Maynard must go a-fishing, so they went while we others, left on shore, piled the fire high and waited for 3 hours without breathing a breath lest they scare the great fishes away from the lines. At the end of 3 hours they returned, loaded down

with 5 perch, and J. R. meekley cleaned
said perch, thus improving his rather
slight chance for a place in heaven. The
long, long night was broken only
by the snores of the great Ding which
re-echoed among the woods of moss,
like the roars of some Lion. Bright
and early 4 campers arose, while two
others slept as decent men should sleep.
The breakfast was as fine as the supper
before it. An expedition was now in
order. Through the woods the dauntless
campers tore to find new lands,—
through bogs, through pathless underbrush
and up a great hill, till Great Pond
lay before us. So fine was the view,
that in pure ecstasy Conny lost his
watch and, when we returned to
Camp, the pathless wilds had
to be retraced. It was ^{at} last found, however,
in plain sight under 6 inches of
turf and a stone wall. So the day
wore on till swimming time came
and the swim ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~fine~~ ^{fine} and long

though delayed by a Smithfield lady, who
no doubt, meant no harm even if she
did keep us waiting on the bank. 'Twas
after dinner that a blood-curdling
adventure happened which quizzed the
hair of the witer and stamped many a
wrinkle in the smooth brow of the Ding.
A furious Bull, accompanied by admiring
cows, charged on us as we stood by the
shore. "The boats" cried 4 ~~boats~~^{voices}
"Our precious boats" and in they leapt; brave
hearts, their only thought was that the
Corker and Abal remain unscarred by
horns. "Bless them," said E.H and J.R
to each other and turned to give
battle. Long and furious was the fight.
Not till his head was entirely crushed
in did the monster reluctantly retreat.
Then the merry men of Moses broke into
that triumphant song of "Moses in the
Bullrushes," and ~~were~~ departed naming
the spot from this last stirring adventure
signed:

The Song of the Sons of
Moses! (to the tune of
"The Battle-cry of Freedom").
I.

O we went to Little Pond just to see
if it was big

Cho. Shouting the battle-cry of Moses

And the first thing we found out was
that Beebe was a pig
(Cho.)

For he lingered close beside while the food
was being fried,
(Cho.)

And he ate up Neddy's piece and the one
we meant for Reed;
(Cho.)

and chorus Moses forever! Hurrah, boys Hurrah!

Down with the syurf, up with the musk
O we'll rally round the bull, boys, we'll
kill the blooming bull.

Shouting the battle-cry of Moses!
II.

O we wish you could have heard Uncle
Eddy Harding snore,
(Cho.)

Sometimes it was a squeal and sometimes
it was a roar
(Cho.)

The Babe he rolled around with a funny
gurgling sound (Cho.)

And we patted him so hard but Beebe was never
jarr'd.
(Cho.)

Grand Chorus

III.

Then we took a little walk, the forest to explore
(Cho.)
And Connie lost his watch, good gracious! how
he swore. (Cho.)
But we found it by a rill that went chasing
down a hill (Cho.)
Where with pretty, graceful sibe, Connie cooled
his dainty life. (Cho.)

Grand Chorus

II

In the morning down the hill came a monstrous
angry bull. (Cho.)
And gallant Magnard Rees gave his tail an
awful pull (Cho.)
Then we took up jagged stones and pounded
all his bones. (Cho.)
Till the bull rushed off in flight and his hind
turned gray with fright. (Cho.)

Grand Chorus

IV

O! a pretty Smithfield girl came to Little Pond to
fish (Cho.)
And it made us rather mad because
swimming was our wish. (Cho.)
But our Connie, with a smile, tried the
maiden to beguile. (Cho.)
"Please accept these roses sweet and to
Smithfield, dear, retreat." (Cho.)
Grand Chorus

Sing - Song.

Wednesday, July 26.

I. Overture.

II. Song.

Captain John.

III. Sorcery.

Maynard Rees.

IV. Choruses, Lyon of Preston. Song of the Sly Fox.

V. Song.

Mr. Ogilby.

VI. Reading.

L.E.R.

VII. Stunt.

Captain John and Others.

VIII. Choruses, The Merry Merryweather. Old Towler.
Gauseamus. Camp Song.

		VS. <u>W. H. W.</u> AT <u>W. H. W.</u> DATE, <u>1877</u>											AB	R	I	B	S	B	S	H	P	O	A	E
	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11												
Cornstock	8	1		2	3		1		1															
F. M. Barton	3	1		1	1		1		1															
E. N. Bennett	6	2		1	1		1		2															
Sibley	2	1		1	1		1		1															
Richards	1	1		1	1		1		1															
Elliot	4	3		3	1		3		1															
Minot	5	1		1	1		1		1															
S. C. Bennett	7	1		1	1		1		1															
Rees	9	1		1	1		1		1															
Total		2	0	0	3	5	3	7	3	10	10	11												

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BASES ON BALLS.....TWO-BASE HITS.....THREE-BASE HITS.....HOME RUNS.....
 DOUBLE PLAYS.....HIT BY PITCHED BALL.....STRUCK OUT.....PASSED BALLS.....
 WILD PITCHES.....UMPIRE.....SCORER.....TIME OF GAME.....

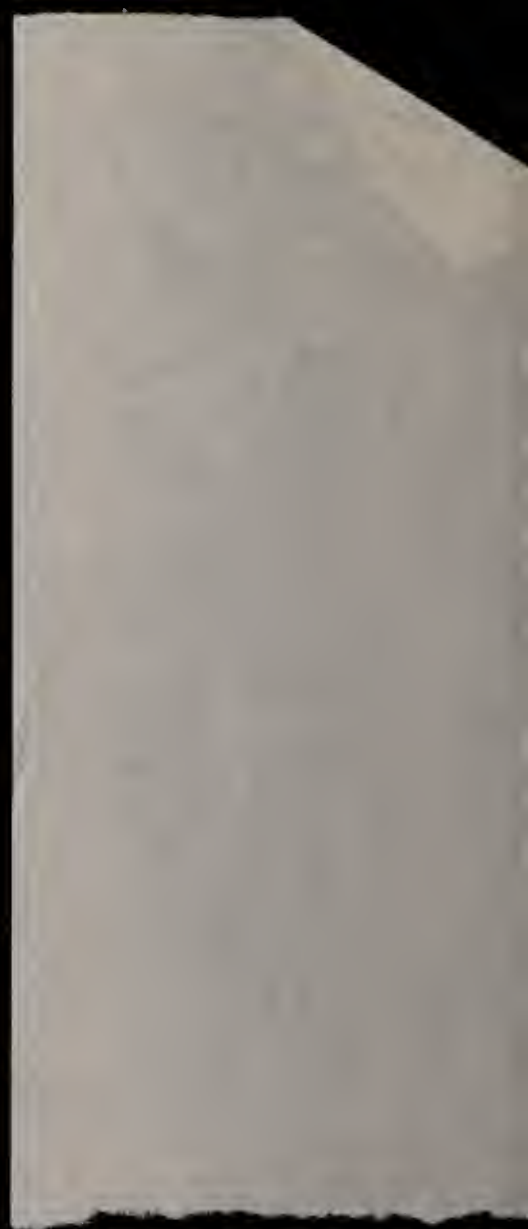
		VS. <u>Andrews</u> AT <u>Sojour Field</u> DATE, <u>December 26</u>											AB	R	I	B	S	B	S	H	P	O	A	E
	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11												
Aiken	1	1	3		2		1			1														
Henderson	3	1		1	1		2			1														
Gilby	4	1		2	3			1		1														
H. B. Barton	6	1		1	1		1		1		2													
Harrington	2	1		1	1		1		2		1													
Whitmore	7	1		1	1		2		3		1													
Peabody	5	3		1	1		3		1															
Chisholm	8	1	4	3	1		1		3															
Lamb	9	1	2	1	1		3		1															
Total		3	3	1	4	5	0	5	1	6	0	6												

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20

20



PANTRY SONG.

(Sung by J.R.)

I'm gwine away by de light ob de lamp,
Want all de Faculty to follow me!
I am de hungriest man in Camp,
Halle,halle,halle,hallelujah!
So tell de others dat you meet,
Want all de Faculty to follow me!
It's time we had a bite to eat,
Halle,halle,halle,hallelujah!

Chorus.

In de evening,
In de evening by de lamplight,
Brown sugar and doughnuts in the pantry!(bis.)

Go tell Herr Ogilby to come,
Want all de Faculty to follow me!
He's been tutoring Chet,so he must need some,
Halle,halle,halle,hallelujah!
He get so tired,he confessed,
Want all de Faculty to follow me!
He has to study Hebrew,just for a rest,
Halle,halle,halle,hallelujah!

Chorus.

In de evening, etc.

De Doctor,too,he must not wait,
Want all de Faculty to follow me!
For he is in a suffering state,
Halle,halle,halle,hallelujah!
He broke his back and lamed his knees,
Want all de Faculty to follow me!
A-trying to work as hard as Cheese,
Halle,halle,halle,hallelujah!

Chorus.

In de evening,etc.

Now Mr Barton,don't be rash,
Want all de Faculty to follow me!
You know last night you had a sash,
Halle,halle,halle,hallelujah!
Oh no! fis time it was not jam,
Want all de Facukty to follow me!
He just had too much Pickles and Lamb,
Halle,halle,halle,hallelujah!

Chorus.

In de evening,etc.

I won't say nothin' 'bout myself,
Want all de Faculty to follow me!
For I am such a bashful elf,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!
But if you think I don't look well,
Want all de Faculty to follow me!
'Twas too much sweetness in dat Jell---
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

Chorus.

In de evening, etc.

L.E.R.



SAVED!

A tale of shipwreck.

The storm, the furious Williwaw, was well-nigh over, though the broad back of the wine-dark main was still violently tossed and humped, and the wet waves were far wetter than usual. On a strange shore stood the shipwrecked mariners, gazing around them with wild eyes; first they looked at the broken fragments of their goodly vessel, the stately Wobbler, which had borne them so far over the misty deep; then they gazed mournfully at one another. They were a singular group. Chief among them was one, whose haughty bearing, ~~flashing~~ dark flashing eyes, and princely port, proclaimed him a Spanish Don of high degree. He led by the hand a tender Babe, and a Ladd of fifteen years stood at his other side. These were all; no others had the long waves of the sea yielded to the earth, the grain-giver.

"We must go in search of food and shelter;" said the Don; "come, my children, forward with me!" He gave an encouraging Pat to the children, a pleasant, cheerful and comfortable Pat; yet still they moaned and sobbed, dripping with the wet waves, ~~of the salt sea~~, and would not be comforted.

"Oh! Gee!" said one, the Ladd. "I certainly thought I should leave my Carcass in that cold water."

"Oh! Gee!" cried the other, the tender Babe. "I am Aiken with hunger. I pray you, Cary me to some place where we may find something Eddie-ble."

"There! there!" said the Don, the leader. "Don't make such a Pow-wow, children! I will do the best I can for you; yet this seems an inhospitable shore, with no trace of man that one may see. Methinks, not far from here should be the good town of Harring, even the Harringtown, where men carve goodly things with knives; spoons, and other things for man's use, too numerous to mention, skilfully fashioned and of comely appearance, so great is their skill-; Could I but meet with a Chapman from Albany, gladly would I empty my Pearce to satisfy your hunger; though indeed I have met Chapmen that guarded not well their goods, but let them fall on this side and on that, and could not even keep an egg in its shell. But here on this rugged shore is as yet no sign of life, look where we will."

Even as he spoke, there was a rustle in the trees of the forest which beset them; a flutter, and from the bosom of a dark pine-tree rose a majestic Bald Eagle, and soared high into the blue sky.

"Oh! Gee!" cried the Ladd. "If I had but a gun, wouldn't I bring him down?"

"Wretched youth!" exclaimed the Don. "Would you Wantonly destroy that noble creature? sooner would I smoke a Tod from his ~~lair~~ lair in some dense tod, even a large tod, weighing a tod; sooner would

would I Bob for eels in the wine-dark deep, than Hender son of the lightning in his stately flight. But soft! what do I see?"

He advanced a few steps, and parting the branches of a thicket, gazed eagerly forward, then turned and beckoned to his companions. "Saved!" he cried, and his voice rang loud over the unharvested deep. "Saved! Here is a house where Man has dwelt. It appears to be closed, empty and untenanted, but still we may find food within. On, my children; let us make an entrance and seek for victuals which sustain the heart of man."

Eagerly they gathered about the woodland dwelling. It was of cheerful aspect; they tried door and window--in vain, all was close-shuttered, locked and bolted. Blankly the three wayfarers gazed at one another; what was to be done? but suddenly the Don's dark brow lightened. "Ha!" he cried. "Caramba! I have it. A keepsake; a memento of my ardent youth, of pantry windows, 'neath which, hidden in jars of stone, were stored the precious nuts of the Dough Tree; make way for liberty!"

He drew from his pocket --a Jimmy! A few skilful movements of a practised hand; the lock yielded--the door flew back--they rushed in. What did they see?

An ample room, high-ceiled, with benches many, and chairs, enough to seat a goodly multitude; but no man within. All quiet, deserted, empty.

The children began to whimper again.

"Oh! Gee!" cried the Babe. "I see no food." "Oh! Gee!" moaned the Ladd. "I am Aiken with hunger. Do Cary me to find something Eddie-ble"

"Stop your Pow-wow, I tell you!" cried the Don in anger. "There is, there must be food, in this lofty dwelling. Look! bring hither ~~that good~~ yon goodly jar; it is evidently a Rees-pectacle for bread."

He lifted the lid; the jar was empty!

"It has all Ben(n)et(t)!" said the Ladd mournfully.

"Been eaten!" corrected the Don, who had been an instructor of youth in his time. "If we must perish, my son, let us do so in good English."

"Here is a demijohn with something in it!" cried the tender Babe.

"Bring it hither!" said the Don; and the little one advanced, staggering under a mighty burden. "Nay! call you this a demijohn? a wwhole John, I trow, even a Captain John, is this goodly vessel!"

Speaking thus, he lifted the huge wicker-covered bottle to his lips--and paused.

"Spirits!" he said; "and of the best! no fitting draught for your tender youth; but for me--hum! ha! 'tis well. Let us make further search! Here is a roasting Jack; verily, meat has been roasted in this dwelling, for the smell of roasting Lamb clings to the Jack."

At this moment a wild shout from the children made him start.

"The pantry!" they cried. "We have found the pantry. It's all full of things. Oh! Gee! Pickles! fat roast Lamb! Pie-faced with Jelly! All kinds of things!"

Mo'lasses, any quantity!"

Like famished wolves the three fell upon the provisions. The children crammed their mouths with all they could lay their hands on: the Don, ~~in~~ a Lamb chop in one hand and the huge John in the other, exhorted them in vain to moderation.

"Stay, children! stay!" he cried. "Moderate your transports! R.B.O. ff with you, Babe! don't Ogle-beef and mutton as if they were flowers of Paradise. Ladd, to be Frank, you are eating like a Hippo--"

what's that? Cheese? oh! this is too much!" and he fell upon the dainty in silent rapture.

No word more was spoken till the rage of hunger was appeased. Then rested they, and the Don advised the children to ~~not~~ try the mo'lasses, while he refreshed himself with spirits from the huge John, even the Captain John, that goodly vessel; so they drank and were refreshed, and rested from their labors.

At length the children sighed, and said "Oh! Gee! we can hold no more."

"Enough!" cried the gallant Don. "Enough has Ben-et; I should say "been eaten". Little Eddie-ble remains; you have done well, my sons!" and again he gave them a friendly Pat, even a cheerful and a comfortable Pat. "I myself can eat no Whitmore, ^{has-silly} not even though I had a Harper to harp to me the while. Now therefore let us go, for the storm is over, and it is Merry Weather. We can patch up our boat, even the stately Wobbler, so that she will carry us to the end of our voyage. Go we now, leaving a blessing on this place; and when in future days we speak its name, telling the tale of our wanderings, and of our rescue ~~from the storm, even the Williaw, fierce and terrible, let us call it the shore of Merry Weather, and so let it be known to all men and for all time.~~

Then they went down to the shore, the steadfast goodly Don and his comrades, the tender Babe and the sturdy Ladd; and they mended their vessel, even the stately Wobbler, that she bore them again lightly and safely; and so launching her, they departed with a good courage through the wet waves, over the broad back of the wine-dark main, and were seen no more.

L.E.R.

Thrsday,
July 27.
T 74.
B. 29.34.
W. West,
Light,
Clear &
Bright.

FIELD SPORTS.

The July Field Sports came off this afternoon, and were without question the best all through that we have ever had. They went with fine snap straight through, and though we did not have such remarkable half-past-nine events as Arthur Shaw's jump and pole-vault, John Simon's pole-vault, etc, there was splendid work all through. The Doctor's account follows:

"This afternoon, under Old Sol's cheerful but outrageously hot glance the Camp struggled vigourously for supremacy over itself in the stadium. A most heterogeneous collection it was, too, from the fowls of the air to the fish of the sea -- even one of the amphibians was here,

The Juniors did very well indeed when Pousland landed first place in the fifty yard dash in fast time, and one of the fifty seven ~~and~~ *raniches* gave his larger competitors ^{a start} by broad-jumping into prominence; leading the field until our real jumping Junior, Oh Gee!, worked into first place, there as well as in the high jump.

The finish of the Junior 4.40 was very close and exciting but was eclipsed in the latter respect by the Senior race of the same distance, which resulted in a dead heat (between Nevill and Connie) and very nearly dead contestants.

We must not forget to mention that our celebrated jockey Tod can run as well as ride, for having started with the definite

ite

ite intention of not finishing, at the start he changed his mind and finished at the tape in third place.

The afternoon was short and we were compelled to forego the pleasure of a potato race, but did enjoy seeing Mr. Sibley exhibit sky-scraping ability on the pole-vault, before the camp drowned its sorrows in the lake.

We are not sure if we put in the following swimming examinations passed:

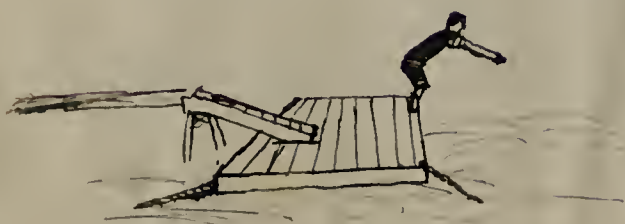
Pousland.

Webb.

This leaves only Francklyn Lawrence of the non-swimmers; which is way ahead of last year; on the other hand on the other hand there is a good deal less initiative about working up and trying for the canoe test. Tod Sloan has come near passing, though, and we hope there is going to be good work and ambition about it.

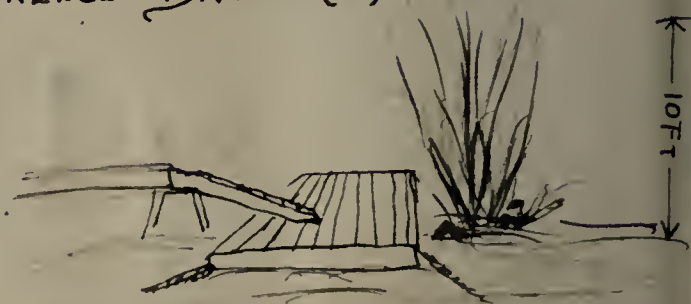
"Twenty Steps" is making a very good variety to our Games On The Hill." The Digestion Club has not met for several evenings.

CHEESE DIVING



BEFORE

CHEESE DIVING (?)



AFTER

The Running Broad Crew

"pon the Invalid



Capt Jack

Pat the Winner
(The Doctor is somewhere behind Pat)

The Running
Broad Crew



Finish of part of the
Junior 440 yd dash

Friday,
July 28.
T 78.
B.29.36.
W West,
Light.

Clear, and bright, Light westerly breeze.

Fishing in the afternoon , and a Sly Fox expedition to t
the Mills. The Fox met Pine Island, and found them in happy
confidence of finishing us up. They beat Ram Island yesterday
out of sight; but we shall see!

The best work today was done by the Bait Hunters, who
describe the game as very wild and scarce, the chase
thrilling and skillful in the extreme.

4th Days
Fishing,
23 Bass.

Individual games this evening.

It is particularly hoped that extra good and lively
work be shown by the Back-stop and Lost-ball chasers
tomorrow. A few of the brethren have been splendid at this
right along, not thinking of whether they are particularly
comfortable themselves, but only of having the game go off
with snap and spirit all the way through; on the other hand
it is not exaggeration to say that there are a good many of
us who have a pretty keen eye for a soft, comfortable, lazy
place to lie and watch in, and who are pretty faithfully
on the look out to see if some one else may not be going
go get up and chase the ball. There is no need of speaking of
the importance of good spirit about this right through us
all, nor of how we should feel if Pine Island showed heartier
and more sportsmanlike spirit in this respect. There are a
geat many of us who cannot play on the team yet; some of us,
alas, can never hope to have that honour, but we can make it
our pride to save the Team from hurry and bother, or a single
extra step. The Bat, Ball, and Glove boys have been fine.

SECOND PINE ISLAND GAME.

Saturday,
July 30,
29

Jelly's official account, and the score, will follow; first we will put in the arrival of delightful guests for the day, (we have a very happy Eaglet in Camp to-day),

Caroline T. Sumner
Josephine G. Rotch
Mr. Stanton Dummell

and the sad fact that Helen and Malcolm Peabody left us in the morning.

8th Baseball
Day.

VICTORY!

We beat them, 11--5, after a ~~##~~splendid game, and perhaps we are not feeling fine tonight! At supper t
Skipper just held up a ball -- the Pine Island Ball-- and we expressed our feelings as well as we could without endangering the roof. Then we gave a great yell for our Captain, and we should like to ~~be able to~~ cheer the team all through. Hurrah for our Captain! ~~##~~ Hurrah for our Pitcher, who is swifter and surer every time. Only one base on balls, thank you, and repeated strike outs! Hurrah for our gallant guest, who was worth his wight, and even his length, in gold, making some sensational catches, and in particular some of the most beautiful throws we have ever seen. Mr Rand made a wonderful catch for Pine Island, too, also their Dr. And almost the best of it was that there was good feeling on both sides

Sat'day, contin'd.

straight through--- but enough, or I shall intrude on Jellyfish's report, which follows later.

There were not quite enough fish for a chowder, so the Doctor Mr Pat, and L.E.R.jr went to the rescue, and caught ~~eight~~ eleven beauties before swim, ~~the~~ one of the Doctor's and two of Miss Betty's being close on to two pounds each, the best fish caught this year.

Just in time to get the last part of the game arrived:

II
Bass.

Path Richards

The Tird Game is scheduled for Wednesday, August 9.

We forgot to say that Mr. Barton went to Chebeague for the ~~night~~ night on Wednesday. Mr Pat will take the July boys who are leaving us as far as Portland, on the Ist.

CHARADES.

ACHILLES.

This was the best one of the evening. First there was a dreaful scene of agony, the players rolling upon the floor (Ache), and for Kill a perfectly blood-curdling Indian massacre. The Indians came in at a stealthy trot, but full of fiendish glee, and fell upon and scalped the unhappy Campers. John was the Big Chief. The last syllable was Bob, reclining upon cushions, fanned and supported by lovely ladies (Ease).

The whole word was splendid. The hero (John), sat in in moody silence, turning his back on the despairing struggle of the Greeks. Thetis (Betty) came in imploring, and having prevailed, brought him his magic armor (the tongs, and alas

Saturday, cont'd
the Lady's best umbrella!). The hero rose, smiling with the joy of battle, made sure his mighty sinews were in fullest strength, and plunging in the fray, drove the Trojans like the dust before him.

Merryweather vs Pine Island AT Sojer's Field DATE, July 29

	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	I	B	S	B	S	H	P	O	A	E
H.B. Barton	6	1			1	1		1	1				2											
F.M. Barton	2	2			1	2		1	1															
Harrington	7	3			1	3		1	1															
Sibley	5		2		1		1	1	1															
Ogilby	4		1		1		3	2	3															
Aiken	4																							
Harding	7		3		2		1	2																
Richards	1			1			2	3																
Bennett	8			2	3			1	1															
Henderson	3					1		1	1															
Total		0	0	0	4	1	0	5	10	2	12													

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	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	I	B	S	B	S	H	P	O	A	E
Richards	5	1		3		3			1															
Rowley	6	2			1		1		2															
Rand	4	1			1		1		3															
Colby	1	3			1		2			1														
Williams	3		3				3			1														
Rice	7		1		2			1		2														
Kittredge	8		2		3			2		3														
Adams	7			1		1		3																
Gleason	2			2		2																		
Total		1	0	0	2	0	1	0	4	0	4	1												

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by A. G. Spalding & Bros., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

BASES ON BALLS.....1.....TWO-BASE HITS.....1.....THREE-BASE HITS.....HOME RUNS.....
DOUBLE PLAYS.....1.....HIT BY PITCHED BALL.....STRUCK OUT.....3.....PASSED BALLS.....
WILD PITCHES.....UMPIRE.....H. R.....SCORER.....T. R.....TIME OF GAME.....

Second Pine Island game.

In the second game between Pine Island and Merryweather on July 29, Merryweather was victorious by the score of 12-5. The fielding and batting on both sides was excellent and Merryweather's batting showed great improvement. Mr. Colby's pitching was much as it was in the first game - swift balls, but no curves; while Captain John showed great improvement. Both pitchers gave one base on balls and Captain John struck out seven to Mr. Colby's three. Mr. Sibley, Captain John and Henderson played well for Merryweather and Mr. Colby and Richards for Pine Island.

First Inning: Richards got a base on balls and stole second and third; he was sent in by Dr. Rowley's base ~~hit~~ ~~hit~~ hit. Dr. Rowley was later out on first and Mr. Sibley's catch of Mr. Rand's foul; Mr. Colby was put out on first. Mr. Pat made a base hit, but was put out on second, later and our second out was made by Richards' ^{splendid} catch of Mr. Barton's foul (very much like Mr. Sibley's catch in the first half of the inning). Doctor Jim was put out on first by Gleason's throw to Mr. Williams. Score Merryweather 0 Pine Island 1.

Second Inning: Mr. Williams hit and stole second and third and Rice was put out at first. Kittredge was put out on first and Henderson throwing to Mr. Barton put out Mr. Williams on home plate. Mr. Sibley made a base hit and Mr. Ogilby was put out on a fly caught by Mr. Williams, who also put Mr. Sibley out. ^{Pine Island} Harding fanned. Score: Merryweather 7, Island 1.

Third Inning: Adams and Gleason struck out; then Richards made a hit which was stopped by Mr. Sibley, who made a beautiful throw to first just in time to put Richards out. Captain John was put out on a foul fly to Gleason and Bennett and Henderson struck out. Score: Merryweather Pine Island 1.

Fourth Inning: Dr. Rowley made a two base hit ~~and stole third~~. He was brought in by Mr. Rand, who hit and got to second on errors. Mr. Rand stole third and Bennett's good catch of Mr. Colby's fly made the first out. Mr. Williams made two-base hit on errors bringing in Mr. Rand. Rice was out on first and Kittredge fanned. Mr. Pat got a base on balls and was brought in by Mr. Barton's two-base hit on errors. Mr. Barton stole third and was brought in by Dr. Jim's hit. Dr. Jim stole second and was brought in by Mr. Sibley's two-base hit on errors. Mr. Ogilby and Harding were out on first. Mr. Sibley ~~was~~ stole third and was brought in by ^{captain John's} Richards hit. Captain

John stole second and Bennett fanned.
Score: Merryweather 4; Pine Island 3.

Fifth Inning: Adams, Gleason, and Richards got out on first. Henderson made a two base hit and obtained a run. Mr. Pat was out on a fly caught by Rice; Mr. Barton was out on first; and Dr. Jim struck out. Score: Merryweather 5; Pine Island 3.

Sixth Inning: D. Rowley made a hit stole second and brought in a run. Mr. Rand was put out on a fly caught by Mr. Pat and Mr. Colby was put out on first. The third out was made by Mr. Williams's fly being caught by Mr. Pat - ~~his~~ his second catch this inning. Mr. Sibley hit, but was put out on second. Mr. Ogilby hit and stole second. Harding got a base on balls and stole second. Captain John was out on first and Mr. Ogilby on third. Score Merryweather 5, Pine Island 4.

Seventh Inning: Mr. Sibley caught Rice's fly and Kittredge and Cady were out on first. Bennett got a base on balls and stole second and third. Henderson got a base on balls and stole second. Mr. Pat brought in Bennett and Mr. Barton. Henderson. Dr. Jim hit and brought in Mr. Pat, who had stolen to ~~second~~ third and Mr. Barton. Mr. Sibley fanned and

and Mr. Ogilby hit and the Doctor scored.
Harding was out on a fly to Mr. Colby and
Captain John on one to Kittredge. Score:
Merryweather 10 Pine Island 4. Cadys was
put in, in this ^{and the succeeding} inning, in place of Adams.

Eighth Inning: Richards was out on a
fly to Mr. Sibley and Dr. Rowley and Mr.
Rand were out on first. Bennett struck
out and Henderson was out on first. Mr.
Pat made a base hit and ~~brought~~ Mr.
Barton got a base on balls. Dr. Jim
and Mr. Sibley hit and Messrs. Pat and
Barton brought in their runs. Mr. Ogilby
was out on first. Score: Merryweather 12.
Pine Island 4.

Ninth Inning: Mr. Colby hit and ^{and King} ~~was~~ ^{were} put on
second and third. Mr. Williams ^{and King} ~~was~~ ^{were} put on
on first and Mr. Colby scored. Kittredge
was the last man out. Score: Merryweather
Pine Island 5.

Sat'rday
continued.

CHARADES.

PICKEREL.

A crowd of "hay-seeds" pays a visit to a large city; one of the number has his pockets picked by a street sharper (Mr. Barton).

Second syllable; a poor cur is abused by a crowd of muckers, who tie a can to his tail and torture him in other ways. (Percy Howe is the dog.)

Third syllable; a Virginia reel.

Word--a crowd of enthusiasts catch an enormous pickerel.

WAYLAY.

A band of starving campers, lost, hopeless, are overjoyed at the finding of the trail by one of their party.

Second syllable; the ~~Doctor~~, as a musician, serenades his beloved while the "old man" snores. (The beloved being Neville, and the "old man" Mr. Sibley.) Unfortunately the sleeping father awakes and the serenader is obliged to take to the tall timber.

Whole word; a party of travellers is attacked by a gang of highwaymen, but turns the tables and kills the latter by well-directed knife thrusts.



Of course it wont break
Victor !!!

From Our Paris Correspondent.

"Oh, ce petit chale rouge!
Ce petit chale rouge!
Ce chale que portait autrefois ma mère!
Il est fané grandement,
Et il y a des trous dedans,
Ce chale que portait autrefois ma mère!"

A.M.R.

And this, made up by Mrs. Terry last year, ought to go
in too:

"Un, deux, trois! Balancez comme moi!
Vous etes trs chic, mais vous avaz des fautes!
Car je trouve que le pied gauche
Avec le droit ricoche ----
Mais soyez en paix, je t'apprendrais la valse!"

	South					North				
	First	Second	Third	Hon. Men	Pig	First	Second	Third	Hon. Men	Pig
Sunday	RECORD LOST					RECORD LOST				
Monday										
Tuesday	Comstock	Putnam	Elliot			Aiken	Ladd	Beebe		
Wednesday	Putnam	Comstock McKinney	Chapman		Rees	Aiken	Sloan	Minot Pousland		
Thursday	Comstock Rees	Putnam	Chapman	McKinney		Aiken Pearce	Beebe Sloan	Ladd	Every- one	
Friday	Comstock	Rees	Putnam	McKinney		Aiken	Beebe Chisholm	Ladd	Pearce	
Saturday	Comstock	Rees	Putnam	McKinney		Aiken	Beebe	Sloan Ladd	Perry Pousland	
Sunday	Putnam	Comstock	McKinney	Howe Chapman		Beebe	Aiken	Perry	Sloan	



Some of us have a good understanding
especially "the Carcas" & "the Babe"

Second Rainy Day!

B.29.19

W. West.

Light.

Oh! Hippo! Our Weather-man after nearly a month of ~~the~~

faithful service~~ed some~~, raked some ancient weather out of

his barrel, to our great disgust. It rained Hippos all day.

However we all had a jolly good time; for in the afternoon a walking party was organised under the stalwart leadership of the lieutenant. They came home, wet, but with triumphant bearing.

to the tune of "Marching through Georgia". In the evening ~~we~~

was a fine indoor pic-nic. With a little imagination the

floor was converted into a pine forest, the cushions into mossy banks, and the piazza into Miss Julia's happy hunting-

grounds for jam. When it was dark, we all crow^ded around the

fire and were frightened by stories told by Mr. Barton and

Mr. Pat. Then we sang the usual hymns until half-past eight.

On the whole, it was one of the most enjoyable Sundays we have ever spent.

INSPECTION AWARDS!!

Monday, July 31

~~Still~~ Raining Hippos

Like last year, Insection Week has put the Ladies in despair! The Dormitories really have looked like a military camp, and we feel sure that all the Merryweathers could carry off high honours at West Point. There are a few points still to be desired; in one or two cases the soap-dishes have been concealed in trunks (whether clean or otherwise we do not ask), instead of being displayed in shining spotlessness; and just a few brothers forgot to sweep under their beds but it really was a great pleasure, and a stimulus to good work of all kinds for all of us. After a great deal of thought the prizes were awarded as follows:

Ist Prize

Conrad Aiken

2nd Prize

O.G.

3rd Prize

Oliver Beebe

Monday,
July 31.

Still Raining Hippos!

T. 61.

B. 29. 40.

W. N.E.

Light.

In the morning, and in the midst of the rain, departed Sam Bennett and Mr. Sibley. Alas! The Camp has lost her best baseball player and her oldest living graduate.

The Skipper's talk, this morning, was on the Yachts. He explained the origin and development of this remarkable craft, to the interest of everyone, especially the younger ones.

In the afternoon we started in with a will, to make Yacht. The boat-house looked as if a wooden Williwaw had struck it. Everybody worked like beavers, and really a great start was made. It took us finely through the second rainy day. There is going to be some pretty skillful work done by several of the new brethren. It is hoped we will all remember that a good workman shows himself in his care as much as in his use of his tools.

SING-LET, or SONG-LET.

This was of course not real Sing-Song evening, but the Herr Professor had a Stunt to do with his pupils before Marcus went, and we had with it a Rough-house Stunt, Messrs. Richards, Barton, Barton and Harrington, a Legerdemain Exhibition, with Ping-pong balls, by Tod Sloan, and the Doctor solemnly initiated Bob and Francklyn Lawrence into the Camp Society. Both acquitted themselves well, and we are now all united.

The Student's Stunt was, we really think, the best we have ever had. Neddy ground two pencils to atoms, and they were all so funny!

When the baseball squad is practising and batting with a will,
When the Doodle-bugs are doodling in the bushes on the hill,
When the Faculty are loafing and the Ladies sitting still,
My gang goes studying on.

CHORUS:

Yes, Professor, we are minding,
Our books are wearing through the binding,
Hark! Oh can't you hear us grinding?
As we go studying on.

EX HISTORY

The Persian fleet at Marathon was drawn up on the sand,
When down from the mountains came the stout Athenian band.
Hurrah for brave Miltiades! - he saved the Grecian land,
As we go studying on. CHO.

AIN

O amaban, O amabas, O amabat I say,
Amabimus, Amabitis, amaberis or -re
^{pinus}
~~Amabitis~~, amatus, Ohs I ring^{it} every day,
As we go studying on. CHO.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

The object of a dative verb is in the passive case,
 If the predicate is absolute, the adverb's out of place,
 And a transitive conjunction — Oh I guess I'm off my
 As we go studying on. CHO.

MATHEMATICS.

Seven time nine is sixty: seven, then dot and carry one,
 Twelve and five are twenty: three; my sum is almost done;
 But $7ay + a^2x^2$ seems to spoil the fun,
 As we go studying on. CHO.

GREEK.

ἔρτεῦθε ἐξελαύρει παρασάχας τέτταρας
 ἴστυμι, ἴστω, ἴσταίην, στήθι, στήναι, στάς,
 καὶ φέρω, οἶσω, ἤνεγκον, διὰ τῆς χεφύρας,

As we go studying on. CHO.

JUST CHESTER.

I really had a dandy verse all learned to ring to you
 Part in Latin, part in French and part in English too,
 But the French part wasn't proper, so I thought it wouldn't do
 As we go studying on. CHO.

PROFESSOR (Solus).

Perhaps you think these fellows don't get exercise enough
 Or else you think their studying is somewhat of a "bum"
 But I assume that as workers they are certainly the top
 As we go studying on.

Tuesday,
August I.
T. 69.
W. E9W. 24.
B. 29. 24.

Barometer rising; Clearing up, but the pond has risen
an inch in thses two days.

----- Of course they have to go away, but we newer
like it any better when the time comes. Dear Marcus! He
sent his washing so trustingly on Sunday, hoping to get
it back this morning! Never mind, he will get it with
the overcoat just found in the Miz. And Jimmy will find
a nice fat box of Brown Sugar for a surprise when he
unpacks his trunk. The dear brthren, Pat, Jimmy, Mar-
cus and Conrad(the fewest July departures we have ever
had), right after breakfast. Fortunately the August
brethren all came on time, and it simply is wonderful
to have them back!

Charles Hubbard Jr.
Arthur Sweetney 2nd.
Abbot Stevens
Philip Simons (Persimmons)
Caroline Stevens.

Wednesday, clear with light north-west wind.

August 2

T.74

B.29.24

We omitted to state that on Tuesday afternoon there was

the best and most thorough baseball practice of the season.

Everybody took hold and worked well, and if this is kept up

there is a possibility of a second team

SCOUTING GAME

As usual, the Scouting game was different today from any other time; in fact this never being able to count exactly on

what may turn up is what makes the game most keen. The first

Sixth
Scouting
Game

game started a little unevenly, in spite of the new starting regulations, from the Bald Eagle being a little sleepy at

his post; the Iroquois beat, though, 8 killed to 11. The firing

was very hot just at the beginning of the game, and then

there was a lull. The Algonquins made good in the second

game, which they had 11-9. The third game was far the most

exciting one this year. Both sides had decided on the plan

of massed columns. This is of course nearly the only chance,

except by a fluke, of making runs, but its terrible danger

is that of course the best runners are in the lead, and are

almost sure to be sacrificed before the dangerous guards

are killed. The firing at the beginning of this game was

perfectly deadly. The Algonquins' very strong advance column fell almost to a man, J.R., R.B.O., and J.T.H. being

all shot, all right along the path. There were tremendous

doings a few minutes afterwards in the sweet fern, though on the woods side of it. A perfect pie of Iroquois came along, J.

Jelly, Tod Sloan, Harriet, Radish, Franklyn Lawrence, or

even more; how Mike Cary got past within twenty feet of them without being killed, or trying to kill for himself, we do

not yet make out. Percy Howe, though, was stationed in

a good sure place, and picked them off with good and pretty long distance shots, killing four. The glory of the first run

indeed the chief glory of the afternoon, goes to Ned Hardu

ing, who made his run over a hard hot course, and killed

four men. Hippo did splendid work, too, and scored a run.

Algonquins.

	1st. Game.	2nd Game.	3rd. Game.
	Killed. Shots. Runs.	Killed. Shots. Runs.	Killed. Shots. Runs.
J.R.	X 2.	X 2.	X
R.B.O.	X 1.	X 1.	X
J.T.H.	X 2.	X 2.	X 1.
Ladd			
Tousland			X
Cary.		X 1.	X 1.
Chapman		X 1.	
Lamb.		X	X
Rees	X 1.	X	
Cornstock.	X	1.	
Pearce.	X 2.	X	1. 1.
A. Stevens.	X 1.		X
C. Stevens	X	X	X
Simons	X .	2.	X 1.
Howe		X 3.	X 4.
Hubbard	X		X
Sealy.	X	X	X
	11	9	

Iroquois.

	1st Game.	2nd. Game.	3rd. Game.
	Killed. Shots. Runs.	Killed. Shots. Runs.	Killed. Shots. Runs.
F.M.B.	3.		X
E.H.	X	X 1.	X 4 1.
E.M.B.	X 2	X	1.
Perry	X 1.		
Lawrence	1.	X 2.	X
Elliot	1.	X	2
Boebe		X	X
Sloan	1.		X
Dunnell	X	X	X 1.
McKinney	1.		1.
Webb.			1.
Tulinam	X 1.	X 1.	1. 1.
Sweeney	X	X	X
Ranhardt	X	X	X
Abbot	X	X	
L.E.P.J.		X	
Chisholm			1.
Henderson		2	

Wednesday, cont'd.

and so did Pickles. Jack Elliot and O.G. tried the Rubber Ghost dodge, Jack bringing O.G. down after a long duel at close range.

A very good new rule has been made, that henceforth ghosts must wear handkerchiefs round their heads, not round their arms. This will make the Rubber Ghost game much more difficult, as it was often really impossible for the players to distinguish the living from the real ghosts, sitting alltogether with their arms hidden, and it will be all the more glory for a skillful brave who really puts it through. The Doctor has volunteered to furnish bandages for all the brethren whose handkerchiefs are too small to go round their heads.

Wednesday contin'd

V SING-SONG

- | | | | | | |
|----|-----------------------------|---------------|--------------------|-----------------------|-------------|
| 1. | CHOPSTICKS | F.M.B. | J.R. | L.E.R. | . |
| 2. | SONG OF THE ICE-CREAM SQUAD | | | R.B.O., J.R., F.M.B., | Doctor. |
| 3. | SONG | | The Ladies. | | |
| 4. | <u>CHORUSES</u> | BONNY DUNDEE, | MERRYWEATHER BOYS, | | OLD TOWLER. |
| 5. | DUET | F.M.B. | J.R. | | |
| 6. | THE MERRYW MERRYWEATHERS. | | | | |
| 7. | DRAMATIC STUNT. | E.N.B., | R.G.H., | Jelly-fish. | |
| 8. | <u>CHORUSES</u> | OCTOBER, | CAMPTOWN RACES, | GAUDEAMUS, | CAMP SONG. |
-

SONG OF THE ICECREAM SQUAD.

(Air; "Our Director.")

Leap from the water, Brothers!
Cut short the swim!
Liftin'ant calls us,
We must answer him.
Though we're a stalwart Union,
We'll never strike;
Three cheers for Andrew,
Hurrah for Mike!

Break, break the icy crystals,
Sparkling and clear;
Work with a will, boys,
No shirks wanted here!
Pund with whatever's handy,
Axe, hatchet, pike;
Three cheers for Andrew,
Hurrah for Mike!

Bend, bend the iron muscle,
Turn, turn away!
Don't stop to tussle,
Never pause to play!
Then, when the work is finished,
Try what it's like!
Three cheers for Andrew,
Hurrah for Mike!

L.E.R.

Thursday

~~Friday~~
~~THURSDAY~~

August 3
T. 73.

Light
west
wind

Fourth
camping
trip

5th.
Days'
Fishing.
17
Bass.

The fourth camping trip started this morning just after reading. The doctor was in charge and they looked as if they were in for a good time. The prefects' spare time is all given up to grinding, and so the half-past niners are taking the mail.

The Skipper has posted on the door pictures of the various degrees of laziness.

The luck was not very evenly distributed, two boats getting 12 of the 17 fishing.

A Fox expedition was organized around Hoyt's Island.

This evening we came to the most exciting chapter of the "Naulahka".

Camping Trip
Aug 3^d 1905

Hubbard
Sweeney
Perry
Lamb
Cary
Dr Jim

Ebenezer
Abeljockamegus.

Start 9.30 a.m.
Return 5.45 p.m. 4th
— " —



Mail - Aug 3^d
— " —

A. Stevens

Fishing - Aug 3^d

Williwaw

Sloan
R.R.²
Dunnell

Yammerschooner

R.R.
Chapman
Webb
Kunhardt

Identical

F.M.B.
Chisholm
McKinney
Lawrence

Arklet

J.R.
Sealy
C. Stevens

Sweet Bye

E.N.B.
Pousland
Putnam

Pontagute

H.R.
Rees
Beebe

Sly Fox

Howe	Pearce
Abbot	Comstock
Elliot	Ladd
Stevens	Henderson
	E.H.

Weights in July

Name	Gained	Lost
Aiken.	3lb. 6oz.	
Beebe.	3.. 8..	
Bennett.	1..	
Cary.	- 8..	
Chapman.	2.. 1"	
Chisholm.	5 ..	
Comstock.	3.. 12..	
Dunnell.	2.. 8..	
Elliot.		
Harding.		
Henderson.		
Ladd.	4.. 12..	
Lawrence.	1.. 10..	
Lamb.	—	1lb. 8oz.
McKinney.	2.. 10..	. 7..
Minot.	—	
Morton.	- 7..	
Pearce.	- 14..	
Perry.	2..	
Ponsland.	6..	
Purnam.	- 14	
Rees.	3 1/2 5..	
Sloan.	8.. 4..	
Webb.	2.. 9..	
Howe.	- 8..	



Mail - Aug 4th

Henderson

1905

Mail Aug 4



Log of the Stay-at-homes. Aug. 4th.

It has been so perfectly wonderful, I must tell about it at once. They came very soon after our other poor dear Merryweathers had gone to Philip Mountain; (starting off in such good spirits, too, little thinking what they were going to miss!) He arrived in his automobile, a splendid touring car, the same in which he won the great race in France; but she came in her own way--the kind of way that no other human being could take without seeming utterly fantastic, but which suited her, as all she does suits her. Each had a different plan to propose for the afternoon; and such a plan! Which was the more delightful, the more entrancing, we could not say. Pickles was for his plan, Miss Betty for hers.

"Why not do both," I asked, "if there is time?"

We consulted the Skipper. "Plenty of time!" he said. "I'll be one. All my life I have longed to do those very things."

So we did both, and as I said, a more wonderful afternoon has seldom been spent. Of course the accident was rather alarming, and might have led to very serious consequences if such prompt measures had not been taken. Of course, too, it was pretty bad when those wretches attacked us. If he and the Skipper and Pickles had not shown such presence of mind, we might not be here to tell the tale. There was one moment, when the black horse stumbled and fell, just as the ropes became entangled, and the one-eyed ruffian----but the Skipper asks me not to dwell upon that part, and I will not. I will tell rather about the other part, when the white wings were spread, and the soft breeze blew sweetly; while the wheels flew like magic, and the noble animals responded with almost human intelligence to our words of cheer and encouragement. Then--the beautiful spot; the exquisite viands so daintily set out, the songs, the dancing; oh! it was beyond words! We forgot all the mishaps and dangers; we forgot everything but the delight of the moment: and when it was over, and they were gone, with many a backward look and wave, we sighed regretfully, and said, "Alas! that it had to come to an end!"

"It was so perfect!" sighed Miss Betty.

"Such a simply corking time!" murmured Pickles.

"Come! come!" said the Skipper cheerily. "Even that could not last for ever; perfection is winged, and without its wings would be imperfect. Nothing can take from us that which we have had; and now, let us make ready to receive those poor unfortunate creatures who have missed it."

"Poor dears!" said I.

Philip Mountain

Aug 4th

Pantasole

J. R.
Comstock
Beebe (cox)
Pearce (pass)

Williwaw

E. N. B.
Rees
C. Stevens (cox)

Identical

E. H.
Sloan
R. R. (cox)
Lawrence (pass)

Yammerschooner

A. Stevens
Webb.
• Dunnell (cox)

Caughquam gomock

Ladd
Poneland
McKinney
F. M. B.

Sly Fox

Simons - Howe
Elliot - Abbot
Sealy - Chisholm
Henderson - Chapman
Kunhardt (pass)
R. B. O

Friday.
Thursday
August 4
T.80
B.29.42
calm

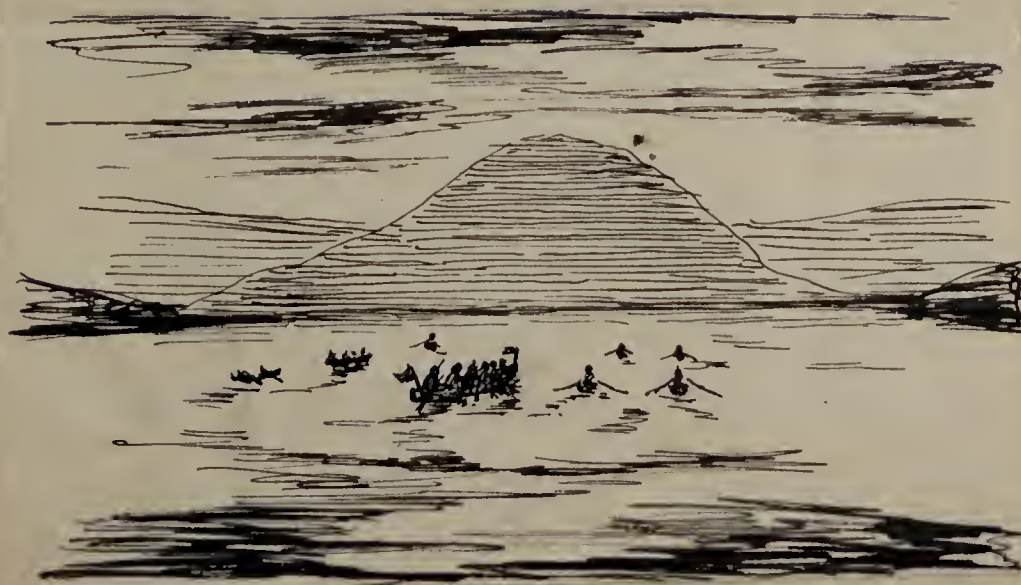
PHILIP MOUNTAIN.

This afternoon we went on an expedition to Philip Mountain. It was the best expedition of the season so far. The brethren went up the hill by the easy side, and came down by the steep side, the weaker brethren and the ladies being assisted down by stronger. (N.B.) Those boys who left their shirts and other articles of clothing at the bottom of the hill came down the same way that they came up.

This account of the climb is second-hand, as the assistant editor spent most of his time on the shore in the company of two ^{The} ~~others~~.[^] The return home was in the nature of an exciting race. Uncle Abe in the Yammers headed the way until within half a mile from home, when the Fox crept up and won out.

In the evening we played a most exciting game of progressive ping-pong.

For several nights recently we have seen beautiful auroras. Especially night before last we saw a single ray shooting up just like a search-light.



1905

Mar 1 Aug 5



Saturday
August 5

FIRST HANDICAP TRACK MEET

The meet was good, but scarcely a howling success unless one remembers the almost unanimous protests of the scratch men in a couple of the events, when some of the least successful contestants' fast time far surpassed their previous performances. The senior 100 and 440, both won by Harding, were very closely contested, Sweeney holding on gamely in a strong effort to win out. Rees in the junior 440 ran a very good race and almost caught the limit man at the finish. In both senior jumps Sweeney did well, winning the high against the handicaps and making the best actual jump in the broad. In the junior high Pickles made some hair-raising but fortunately unsuccessful attempts to break his neck, though with it all did very creditable jumping, being tied for second place.

Conrad's birthday. We wish he had stayed for it.

Arrival:

Mr. Howe,

Lawrence J. Henderson

Mr. Howe came on his automobile, and very kindly took Miss Ruth Richards to the station, to her train.



Mail - Aug 5

Sweeney

1.78°

B. 29.4x

Calm

Clear.

Sat'day, contin'd.

J.W.R. came back from Gardiner, bringing oil silk and other precious supplies for all the Brthren. The Doodle-bugs, as a Guard of Honour, met her at the station.

Mr. Dick met John Simons in London, just before he sailed.

CHARADES.

The Charades this evening were not quite up to standard, as so many Brthren and Faculty had to be studying, but still they were very good. They were:

Antelope. (~~the~~ L.E.R. jr. as Aunt Betsy Trotwood -- "Janet! Donkies! ; E. Harding as Young Lochinvar, a superb scene, followed by a thrilling antelope hunt, with Abe as the quarry.)

Cubicle. (The Doctor as a ~~strong~~ bear-tamer, with Per as a cub eye, scene forgotten; and cull, all hands plucking flowers by the wayside. Whole word, Ladies' Inspection in the Dormitories.)

Violent. (A love scene between Hippo, and that fiery swain, Neville; Arthur, the jealous suitor, seeks a magic draught from the magician (John), for a love-philtre; the wicked magician substitutes poison, and all three lovers perish, he gloating over their last agonies. second scene, small boys visiting their Aunt (R.R.), whole word, John in last frenzies of hydrophobia.).

The Doodle-bugs saw the young eagle within fifty feet, on the deadtree on the hill beyond the Stevens's; he did not fly at all, sitting perfectly still till they passed by.

Old Mr. Stevens has been suffering from a very painful attack of iritis, but is better.

Mr. Ogilby is giving the brthren fifteen minutes of boxing lessons before swim, a splendid new introduction.

Sunday
August 6.
T.80.
B.29.3
Calm,
Clear.

The services today were strangely interrupted. A flock of loons out on the lake sang a serenade. This is the first time they have been seen in any number, since they have just come down from the streams higher up. A dog made a desperate attempt to come in by the window, but Miss Betty made a gallant charge and led him away captive.

Picnic at Hippo Hill.

Picnic

This was the best one of the year so far. The order of boats follows on the next page. The fleet crossed in a good fresh rolling southerly breeze, to the foot of Hoyt's Island, and then ran up the west side of the Pond, landing near the north-west corner, in the woods, but as it was rough, we landed a little higher up than last year, on the beach, and a gallant rear-guard moved the Home Guard (L.E.R, L.E.R.2nd, and Bob), to the last years' picnic place under the big maple, before following the Advance Guard through the woods and up the hill. You come out on a fine flat-topped hill, all rocks and juniper, over-looking the steep woods of Long Pond, and going down very sheer, with huge piled-up boulders among the spruce and fir woods, on the West side. The Coliseum, we were glad to see, was still standing, and some is safe; some of the party found a fine cosy cave, with room for six, over the West face of the rocks. We also found Ram Island encamped on the top, but after exchanging volleys of polite remarks, put them to rout.

The hill has been given the name of the North-west Hill, or Hippo Hill. A good many of us had never seen it before, but Dr. Moore, Mr Shaw, Mr Gardner, and Miss Hunnewell were on the last years' picnic here.

Picnic - Aug. 6th

Pantasote

J.T.H.
Webb
C. Stevens (cox)
Lawrence (pass.)

Williwaw

E.H.
A. Stevens
I.E.R. (cox)
Pearce (pass.)

Yammerschooner

R.B.O.
Chapman
R.R. (cox)
Howe (pass.)

Identical

J.R.
Rees
Dunnell (cox)
Putnam (pass.)

Aboljockamegas

Sweeney
Perry
Chisholm
E.N.B.

Ebenezer

F.M.B.
Hubbard
Comstock
Sloan

Caucomgomock

L.J.H.
Elliot
Abbot
Ladd

Sly Fox

Simons Pousland
McKimmy Sealy
Lamb L.E.R. jr.
Henderson J.W.R.

Cary (pass)
Kunhardt (pass)

H.R.

1905
MAIL Aug 7th



Monday,
Aug. 7.
F. 80.
B. 29.20.
Clear.

A very muggy, heavy day. The Weather Man is to be marooned in the Fox if he does it again.

Good Base-ball practice in the afternoon, most necessary, too, as the Pine Island Game on Wednesday looms dreadfully near. Lieut. Barton and Capt. John went down to arrange preliminaries on Saturday. The Game is to be on their field.

After the practice, the younger brothers came down to work on boats, and there was a game between the Chugs and the Chuglets, the result proving that L.J.H. is still the Great North American Chug.

A Camp letter, telling of the improvements this year, the Brthren who are now in Camp, and the Graduates who have been back this year, has been sent to various of the absent Merryweathers, the Doctor, Mr. Morse, Arthur Shaw, Wagen-hals, Bridget, John Boggs, Mr. Gardner, Harriff, and Eliot Farley.

We had a most joyful surprise in the afternoon, finding our long hoped for guests on the piazza when we came down from the game.

Elizabeth Chapman
Joyce Chapman -



Mail. Aug 7th

Sloan

9th
Baseball
Afternoon.

Tuesday
August 8
T.
B.

Sixth
day's
Fishing

II
Bass

This was the most exciting fishing day of all. We went out and were having fairly good'luck when a thunder storm which had been gathering in the west,came down upon us,and the Skipper ordered us in. The rain came before we arrived and all were soaked.When we had put on ~~dry~~ clothes we were ready for supper. (N.B.)One of the number was accused of eating two suppers which belonged to the boat,and then coming in and eating some more. 'Tis false. However they went out to the kitchen and began to eat Andrew out of house and home.It was a curious sight and it has been nobly illustrated by the Doctor.Smiling faces above rubber coats devouring dough-nuts and gazing hungrily at our Cook.He was in despair and was glad to get rid of them. The fishermen went out again but there was no time,and they did not have much success.



VS.

AT

DATE,

	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A	B	R	I	B	S	B	S	H	P	O	A	E
Henderson	3	1-4		2			1-4		1-3																
Barton	2	1-4		2			1-4		1-3																
Ogilby	9	2		2			2		2																
Harrington	6	3		1			1		1																
Richards	1	1-4	2	3	3		3		3																
Harding	8		1-3		1		1		1																
Sweeney	4				1		2		3																
Stevens	5		2		1		1		1																
Bennett	7			1	1		1		2																
Total		0	0	3	3	3	6	0	6	1	7	0	7	0	7	0	7	0	7	0	7	0	7	0	7

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by A. G. Spalding & Bros., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

3.35

BASES ON BALLS.....TWO-BASE HITS.....THREE-BASE HITS.....HOME RUNS.....
 DOUBLE PLAYS.....HIT BY PITCHED BALL.....STRUCK OUT.....PASSED BALLS.....
 WILD PITCHES.....UMPIRE.....SCORER.....TIME OF GAME.....

	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A	B	R	I	B	S	B	S	H	P	O	A	E
CADY	5	1-4	1	1	1	2		2																	
Rozley	6	1	1	1	1	1			2																
Rand	4	1	1	2	1	1			3																
Richard	8	2	2		1	3			1																
William	7	3	1	3	1		1																		
Colby	1		1	1	1	1	6		2																
Adams	3		1	1	1	1	3																		
Rice	9		1	1	1	1		2	3																
Gleason	2		1	1	1	1		1																	
Total		1	6	7	3	10	8	18	0	18	0	18	0	18	0	18	0	18	0	18	0	18	0	18	0

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 WILD PITCHES.....UMPIRE.....SCORER.....TIME OF GAME.....

*
Triple p
Henderson
Harrington

Wednesday,
August 9
T. 77
B. 22.44

THIRD PINE ISLAND GAME.

Pine Island beat the third game of the series this afternoon, on their grounds, We can't, or at least we oughtn't to feel badly about this defeat. First, and way above everything else, it was a good and gallantly played game, which is what really counts. It was on their field, which our team did not know at all, and which is in every way a vile one, and their team have had out and away more practice than ours. We do not need any explanations, though and only feel proud all through of our team for the gallant way in which they pulled a losing game together, and brought us out of it with colours flying. At the end of the first half of the fourth inning they had made eighteen runs, to our hardly-earned three; after this we held them down entirely, except for one run in the ninth, and ~~and~~ at the same time fought our own way slowly up to the seven hardest earned runs of the season, of which we feel very justly proud.

We should like to thank Mr. Colby and Mrs. and Miss Colby for the hospitable and courteous reception they always give us.

Jelly's good account of the game will follow.

The Ladies had the pleasure of being Waitresses, in caps and aprons, instead of the Butlers, in honour of the game.

10th
Baseball
Afternoon.

Wednesday, cont'd.

SING SONG.

OVERTURE, CHOPSTICKS, (a wonderful one this time),

F.M.B., J.R.,
L.E.R. jr

SONG, DER HERR,

L.E.R.

(only he had to study, and was'nt there to hear
it)

AFRICAN' CHIEF'S SONG,

Mrs Chapman.

STUNT,

The Doctor's Trip.

(The Doctor takes his Campers at half past
three to see the sunrise; Tommy Lamb and
Mike are particularly wide-awake and active;
wonderful scaling of mountain heights, the
campers gasping and panting to keep the
Doctor in sight; the Sun brings his little trick
off very neatly)

CHORUSES,

OLD TOWLER, CAMP TOWN RACES, JOHN PEEL.

FISHES CHORUS

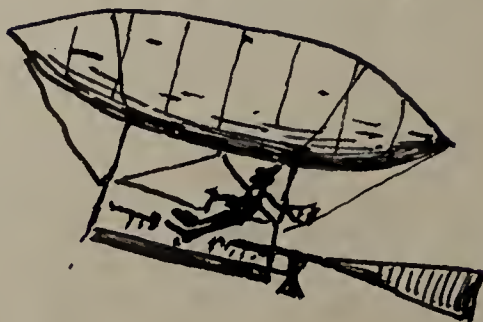
Words by L.E.R.

QUARTETTE.

CHORUSES.

GAUDEAMUS,

CAMP SONG.



Mail - Aug 8th

A. Stevens

1905

MAIL Aug 8

+

MAIL Aug 9

DER HERR.

(R.B.O.)

(Air; "Am Rhein!")

Der Herr, der Herr,
He is the grandest tutor!
I'd like to learn of him.
Of books to brains
He is the great transmuter;
His glory ne'er shall dim.

From morn till eve
His eloquence is burning
In Latin and in Greek;
And I believe
Before he's home returning
In Arabic he'll speak.

He spans, he spans
The boys in French and German,
Likewise in Portuguese;
And when their ranks
He grimly doth determine,
'Tis done in Cingalese.

He swims in Dutch;
He dives in purest Spanish,
Like any titled Don;
I wonder much
If Rushin' he doth vanish
The merman speech to con.

But oh! but oh!
In English he can play, sir;
In English raise the song;
And when, ah! woe!
He twentward hies away, sir,
Our cry is "Don't be long!"

L.E.R.



Mail - Aug. 9th

— " —
Sweeney

HORRIBLE WEATHER!

Thursday
August 10.

Wind
south,
Very
light

T. 81.
B. 29.4

Fifth
Camping
Trip

11th
Baseball
Afternoon.

The weather is simply fearful. There is only one consolation, if it is hot up here, what must it be down in the cities?

The fifth camping trip started this morning. It was in the charge of Mr. Ogilby as Mr. Barton was sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman left at the same time that the campers did. We were very sorry to have them go, particularly because Mrs. Chapman added so much to the Sing-song with her African song.

Camping Trip
Aug 10th

Comstock

Elliot

Sloan

A. Stevens

Chapman

~~F.M.B.~~

Aboljockamegus
Ebenezet.

4 meals out
Start 9.30 a.m.

The Cicadas have been singing for a week past.

We hoped for Mr. Dick to-day, but he did not come.



Mail-Aug 10th

R. Henderson

1905
Mail Aug 10

Friday,
August II.
T.8I,
B.29.40.
W. S.E.
Light.

Mr. Dick came!! His ship came in at nine o'clock
last night, or a little after, and he caught the nine-
forty-five train, and a joyful roar from the boathouse
this morning, just as the brethren were finishing
dressing told us that he was really here.

H. H. Richards

Weather if possible worse. The humidity must be at
the mildest estimation 145%, and everybody feels pretty
limp and floppy. Vile Hippo!

7th Days
Fishing,
25 Bass.

There was very good fishing, in spite of the weather,
at least for Capt. John's boat, which caught eleven.

The Campers returned in the middle of the after-
noon, and gallantly reported a grand time all round, but
as the mosquitoes were so thick that they had to get what
sleep they could in their canoes, in the middle of the pond,
we think it must have been a pretty horrid night.
It was bad enough on shore, with tent-flaps and dormitory
doors wide open, but with three in a canoe!

We forgot to say that there was a cracking good
Junior Base-ball game yesterday, 10 -- 9, between the
Squashes and the Radishes. This promises finely for
the Pine Island Junior Game.

Saturday.

August 12.

T. 79.

B. 29.3

Wind N.W.

Fresh

Clear.

The weather has been better all day, but still not much

to boast of. Just about bed-time though, (Faculty bed-time)

There was quite a violent shower, and our Last Issue for the night left the pond still in crisp white-caps, and the float dancing a more lively jig than it has yet this year.

The piazza has held occupants for the last few nights.

THE SCOUTING GAME.

This was in some ways the best scouting afternoon yet, in some ways (in guarding, for instance) not as good as the last time. The Algonquins had all three games, clearly out-playing the Iroquois, partly from the junior Iroquois having been a little slack, but chiefly because Iroquois Chief was still laid low with the Invidious Sash. It is to be said that it was very heavy weather for playing, in spite of a good southerly breeze.

First game _____ Heavy massed playing on both sides along the Woods and Water courses. H.H.R., Harding, Bennett, and Elliot playing in heavy column, are killed off almost at the very first of the game, in a terrific volley from J.R., who killed four with his single gun, and Percy Howe. The Doctor scores one run, getting past the shore guard (Jelly).

2nd game. ----- Again fought out in the Woods course, and a rather slower game than the first, though there were very heavy casualties, 12 Iroquois and 10 Algonquins. The unfortunate killing of the Iroquois forest guard, L.E.R., who had not calculated on the

Seventh
Scouting
Game.

Algonquins.

1st. Game.
South Start.

3rd Game.
South Start.

North Start.

Killed Shots. Runs Killed Shots. Runs

4.

X

1.

H.H.R.

X.

R.B.O.

X 1.

1.

E.H.

X.

J.T.H.

X 2.

6

E.N.B.

X 2.

X 1.

Ladd

X 1.

X

X.

X 1.

Pousland

X 1.

X

Lawrence

X 1.

X 1.

O/Cary

X

X.

X 1.

X.

Chapman

X

X

Beebe.

X 1.

X.

Lamb.

X 1. 1.

X

Sloan.

X.

X

Rees.

X

1.

Dinnell

X 1.

X 1.

Comstock

X

X

McKinney

X.

X 1.

Pearce.

X.

X

Webb.

A. Stevens.

2 1.

X

Putnam.

X.

X.

C. Stevens

1.

Sweeney

X.

X

Simons

X.

X 2.

Runhardt

X.

1.

Howe.

2

Abbot.

X 3.

X 1.

Hubbard.

X 1.

L.E.R.

X.

Sealy.

X 1.

X

Chisholm.

X

J.W.R.

12. 1.

10 13

Henderson

X 2.

12 6 0 1. 10 1.

Iroquois

1st. Game.
North Start.

2nd Game.
South Start.

3rd Game.
North Start.

Killed Shots. Runs Killed Shots. Runs Killed Shots. Runs

X

X.

X.

X

X 2.

X 1.

X.

X 1.

X 1.

X 1.

X.

X.

X 1.

X.

X.

X

X.

X 1.

X.

X 1.

X.

X.

X.

X

X.

1.

X 3.

X 1.

X.

2.

1.

Saturday, contind.

quick first dash of the Algonquins let in two runs (A.Stevens, and Lambgreat work Tommy!), and J.W.R. did great work in making a run (her first) at the very bottom of the Sage-Brush course. Elliot made a well-earned run for the Iroquois.

3rd Game.

Almost wholly in the Sage-Brush on both sides. The Iroquois started from the North End with a tremendous dash getting over the brow of the hill and into the Sage-Brush cover in lightning time, in spite of the heat. The Algonquins, though, had a terrible ambush the Doctor was high up the Second Oak Tree, armed with a new fal-
setto Mauser exploding gun of terrible carrying power, and brought down six men (one of them H.H.R.) the biggest killing score made at all this summer. The firing all around was very heavy, 13 Iroquois killed to 8 Algonquins. None of the Chiefs of the Algonquin side were killed, whereas the grown men are so often killed off very early. Pousland and Rees scored runs let through by Cheese the home guard. The sensational run of the afternoon was made by Job, who walked so calmly down the middle of the course that nobody thought of killing him.

The starts were prompt and good. There was only one case of rubbering, at the end of



the third game.

Mail - Aug 12th

A. Stevens

1905

Went Aug 12

~~Went~~ Aug.

12/25/19

Saturday, cont'd.

and we hope it will not be repeated. The rule of handkerchiefs around the heads works finely.

The score is:

1st game.

Algonquins	1	Run	Iroquois	0	Runs
------------	---	-----	----------	---	------

2nd game

"	3	Runs	"	1	Run
---	---	------	---	---	-----

3rd game

"	2	Runs	"	1	Run
---	---	------	---	---	-----

Beautiful moonlight until the shower. An expedition went at a late hour for the Mending.

Amiral: at the end of the Scriming game.

Many stickney

First August Shift at Table

L.E.R.

Harding	Dunnell.
Sloan.	Ponsland.
C. Sterens.	Rees.
R. Humbard.	R.B.O.
L.E.R. jr.	Cheese.
A. Sterens.	Bennett.
Chapman.	Ladd.
J.W.R.	Miss Ruth Richards.
Lawrence	J.R. (H.H.R.)
Sealy.	Carey.
J.T.H.	Comstock
Howe.	Lamb.
Perry.	R.R.
Webb.	Putnam.
Beebe	Pearce.
Sweeney.	Henderson

H.R.

Tincubator

P.M.B.

Abbot	McKinney
Simons	Elliot.
Hubbard.	

Sunday,
August 13.
T. 75.
B. 29.30.
W. N.W.,
Strong,
Clear,
Cool.

First
Canoe
Test!

HIPPO'S BIRTHDAY!

Hip! Hip! Hippest! Now we see what he can really do when he puts his mind to it! The clouds blew free sometime in the night, and today has been perfect Northwest clearness all day long--- a strong dark-blue-and white-caps breeze nearly all day, with the hills the hills velvet black, and a great orange glow, when it came to sunset, and perfect, keen, clear, pure, black-and-silver moonlight.

This was actually the first Canoe-test day we have had this year! It was a good one, to make up for it, with strong running white-caps. A good many noble attempts were made, and the following passed with flying colours:

Dr. Harrington.
Harding.

There was a walk to Bickford Hill in the afternoon, and a picnic on Steven's Shore, our usual harbour of refuge in a Nor'wester.

Mrs. Richards finished the Naulakha in the evening.



Monday,
August 14.
E. 57.
P. 51.
W. 51.
S. 51.
N. 51.
3551-100 n.

12th
Baseball
Afternoon.

Cooooook says there was a frost last night; certainly the fire felt terribly good at breakfast time this morning and we had a wonderful array of sweaters, but all the same this is the most wonderful day we have had all this summer. The pond looks like a jewel, still as crystal, with the wonderful Northwest clearness, strong sunshine, wonderful clear strong colours, and black shadows.

There was an extremely good game this afternoon between the Radishes and the Squashes, the ~~Radishes~~ Squashes beating. ~~W 3~~



Mail - Aug 14th

Henderson

Hippo was duly installed tonight into the Order of the Half-past Niners, and invested with the full privileges and responsibilities ~~of that~~ thereunto pertaining. (See tomorrow's mail slip!)

1905
Main Aug 14



Monday, contin'd.

COMMUNICATION

(We very ~~gladly~~ print all letters, communications, etc, sent in to the Log; we are not however responsible for the opinions or statements made therein!!)

LOOK, READ AND INWARDLY DIGEST.

PROCLAMATION.

We, the undersigned, do hereby state that we, the afore said, are the only and right members of that table known as the

Never On

~~TAKE YOUR TIME~~ TEA TABLE,

likewise called the TINCUBATOR. We therefore ~~stax~~ state that this name is copyrighted in the United States, Great Britain, Ireland and the county of CORK, also in all civilized countries including Asia South Africa, Zululand and the rest of ~~Asia~~.

Let it also be mentioned that we, the Tincubator, sometimes, though wrongfully, called COOP, ~~Petition~~ ^{THAT WE} ~~be~~ ^{NOT} dissolved, separated or in any way removed from that table mentioned above. In testimony whereof, we sign our names on the fourteenth day of the eighth month in the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred and five.

Charles W. Hubbard Jr.

John M. Elliott

Edward Laurence McKimney

John Radford Abbot

Philip Simons

Monday, (contin'd)

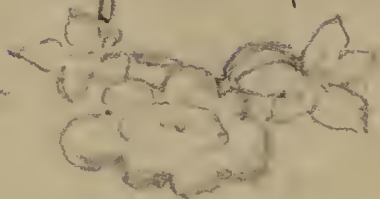
G. a. m. e

Aug 14, 1905

Squashes

vs

Radishes



On the Vegetable Garden

Umpire

Here Henry H. Richards (of Munich!)

Scorer

Miss J. W. R. (of Providence!)

Coaches

J. T. H., F. M. B., J. R., E. H., E. N. B.

Bat-Carriers

A. S. (of West South Lawrence)

A. S. (of East North Andover)

Rubber

C. H. U. G. L. E. T. Henderson (of Salem)

Tuesday,
August 15.
Wind
South-east
Rainy.

Light rain off and on all day, heavy after supper.

FIRST ALL DAY EXPEDITION.

The departure of the campers with Hippo aboard was a bad omen. When the expedition had got half way it began to rain and it kept up. We landed in a rather bedraggled condition after having overtaken the campers at the Mills. Then we built a fire and ate dinner under the protection of the shelter tent. After dinner the campers left and also the main part of the expedition, leaving the Left-on-the-shores ~~under~~ under charge of Mr. Barton. While the others were gone we prepared a camp. We hauled up two boats and set them up. Then we made a tent out of a pantasote which the campers had left behind.

Finally about half-past four therest came back. They said that they had given up the idea of going up Royal because the woods would be so wet. So they had followed the road and gone to Vienna and Flying Pond. We all ate supper during a lull in the storm, but when we got out of the Mills on our way home it started up to rain again and it poured too. But when we came to talk it over, we all decided that we had had a jolly time.

LOG OF THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

We shall each have to do half to-day, Bobby. You looked finely going off, and we did not think it really looked like rain. We dried our tears after the cruel parting ("C'n I go C'n I go C'n I go" "You can't go" "Don't want to" "Sour grapes", sour grapes, sour grapes! 'Rah 'Rah 'Rah Merry-weather!" "Huh"). And then we all worked busily all the morning.

Tuesday
cont'd.

The afternoon was remarkable for the first

INDOOR SCOUTING GAME.

A wonderful event, but you will find out more about it at Sing-Song. We had a great fire going all day, and scrambled eggs, fresh bread, cocoas~~as~~ honey for supper. Everything was cosy and warm and jolly. Later we popped cotn, and made a good fire

in the Infirmary, to be ready for emergencies, while Andrew~~the~~ made a great brew of cocoa~~a~~. Then you all came home, dripping and glorious, and we hear that you have actually been the twelve miles to Flying Pond, which we have always wanted so much to see. Almost the nicest thing of the day was the joyfu surprise of two little girls, who sat up in bed in the tent to drink the good hot cocoa the Doctor had sent out to them!



Mail. Aug 15th

— " —

Camping Trip Aug 15th

Abbot
Dunnell
Sealy
Simons
Webb

E.N.B.

Start at 9.30

4 meals out

1905

Main Aug 15



Mc Royal & Rocky Mc

Sly Fox

C. Stevens Lawrence
Pulnam Pearce
McKinney Chapman
R. Henderson L.E.R. jr.
F.M.B.

Ebenezer

J.W.R.
Pousland
Beebe
J.R.

Caucomgomock

Hubbard
Comstock
Howe
Sweeney

Aboljockamegus

Perry
Cary
Elliot
J.T.H.

Williwaw

Chisholm
H.H.R.
M.S. (cox)

Panlasote

Rees
A. Stevens
Kunhardt (cox)

Stay-at-homes

L.E.R.
R.B.O.
L.T.H.
R.R.
Ding
Lamb
Ladd
Sloan
H.R.




Left-on-the-Shore




Cary
Rees
Henderson
Mr. Barton



Camp "Stung"¹⁵ Aug. 3 & 4.

The principal event of the trip is suggested above; perhaps the illustration may throw some light upon the subject

The return of the ,
the , the ,

the  and the 
with the  man is depicted below. But we had a good time.



KINEDOVE.

A STUDY IN HISTRIONIC HISTORY.

FOREWORD.

The true history of Camp KINEDOVE will never be written. Whenever popular drama embodies historical fact, tradition is sure to seize upon the dramatic form of the story and pass it along, with embellishments, as the truth. And rightly so. What if the great Roman, falling beneath the Brutal knife, did not as a matter of fact have breath to murmur with dramatic pathos and faultless quantities, ET TU QUOQUE, BRUTE? No charade-loving public would recognize, much less tolerate a Julius who fell in silence, like a dumb ox. So the popular mind, faithful to the wonders of that tremendous Submarine Drama, will always cast a kind of a halo about Camp KINEDOVE; and to chronicle the bare facts of the expedition would be an insult to public opinion. Then for future generations let Megus ever canoe blithely as he plies the paddle, let the KINEDOVE

fleet outside the gate, safely anchored
by a doughnut, and let the white-birch
saplings bend and sway as the baying
mosquito forces his way through the
underbrush down to the lake to drink,—
May no iconoclast ever dare to say,
in the name of history, "May, it was
not so."

To begin with, Mr. Barton had an
inopportune rash. As DER HERR put it,
in the words of the song:

"I met my friend Lieutenant Barton

One morning just after our dip.
Says he to me, 'Hi there, Professor,

Don't you want to go off on a trip?
I've a kind of a rash in my tummy,

And I ought to stay home in bed:
Won't you take my place in the EBEN?"

'Yes, I'd kind of like to,' I said."

the most common of all the diseases of the
lungs is the tubercular disease, which is
characterized by the formation of tubercles
in the lungs, and is usually accompanied
by a cough, and sometimes by a
haemoptoe, or spitting of blood. It is
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usually a slow disease, and is often
fatal.

So DER HERR, vice Barton or Rich-
=leave, undertook the direction of the ex-
=pedition. Preparations were made under
the experienced leadership of Uncle Abol,
while the Professor endeavored to compound
pedagogical prescriptions, to be adminis-
=tered to the Grinders, who had shown
an enthusiasm quite uncalled for at
the prospect of his departure. Positive
statements by the Skipper, to be recalled
and pondered during the night of that
day, assured the campers that mosquitoes
after August 1st were an anachronism.
Hence (note the tragic significance), the
netting ~~for~~ the front of the tent was
not included (note again the impersonal
use of the passive) in the otherwise complete
outfit.

At last all was ready and the
flotilla put out from the float for the
Mills, Uncle Abe, the Bumblebee
and O G in the Abol and Tod, Jack
Elliot and the Professor in the Eben.
In time with the merry splashing of the

paddles, they sang:

"The breezes were kind of against us,
For Hippo was kind of unkind;
But our spirits rose as the wind did,
And with puns Tod seemed to be lined.
We had to do something to stop him;
We warned him, 'Again if you dare!'
He dared and gave us a worse one,
So we just kind of peppered his hair.

CHORUS. Paddling, paddling, over across the lake,
Kind of loafing every stroke you take;
Kind of slapping mosquitoes now and then,—
I'll never forget that time you can bet,
Mosquitoes as big as a hen."

A stop for fishing was made in Long Pond, riding safely at anchor. (The fleet was all provided with the latest thing in anchors from Sweden.) Wonderful bait had been provided, all the grasshoppers being distinctly over size, and the success was quite worthy of the psalm which follows:

"The fishes were kind of unwilling
To try for our beautiful bait.

Proclamation of the President

That the President of the United States
do hereby certify that the following
persons have been appointed to the
office of Secretary of the Interior
and that they have taken the oath of
office and qualification.

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They would just kind hang round and nibble,
And nibble and hang round and wait,
But at last we hooked quite a beauty,—
He may have been kind of too short,
But we keep him to look at and play with,
And he wasn't the only thing caught."

[The chronicler is wholly unable to picture this scene in words. The drama is the only method of presenting it. To the breathless audience who witnessed the representation of that scene in the famous tragedy of KINEDOVE, descriptions will even seem tame. Submerged ten feet below the surface of the lake, with KINEDOVE canoes floating over them, they actually saw the fishing — how the fish took the bait (or was it the other way?), and how the Sucker, safely hooked, broke the line in his tremendous struggles and got away. Wonderful!]

Camp had been pitched and supper was being prepared when the wind dropped to a dead calm and the campers heard through the silent air the distant roaring of their dreaded

الحمد لله رب العالمين
والصلاة والسلام على
سيدنا محمد وآله الطيبين
الطاهرين
الذين هم خير البرية
والذين هم خير البشر
والذين هم خير الخلق
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والذين هم خير البشر
والذين هم خير الخلق
والذين هم خير المخلوقين

foes. Let us pass briefly over the painful scene that followed. The campers fought nobly and with the more sportsmanlike spirit, never killing any of their tormentors until the measuring sticks had been held against him and he had been pronounced oversize. But the odds were too heavy and they took to the canoes for a night on the lake. Their baffled opponents, raging about the deserted camp, heard a KINEDOVE slumber-song, floating over the water.

"Kind of sleeping, out upon the lake,
Sleep on safely, I will stay awake.

Skaters humming, don't you hear them now?

I'll never forget that time you can bet
Mosquitoes as big as a cow."

x x x x x x x x

What more is to be told? No one but the two on-lookers can appreciate the scene when O. G., left sleeping at anchor in the EBEN, smelt the bacon

الحمد لله الذي جعل العلم نوراً يضيء
القلوب والنفوس ويصلح المسالك
ويطهر القلوب من الرغبات الدنية
ويجلب القلوب إلى الله تعالى
ويجلب القلوب إلى العلم والفضل
ويجلب القلوب إلى طاعة الله
ويجلب القلوب إلى طاعة رسوله
ويجلب القلوب إلى طاعة المؤمنين
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frying and unvake with such zest that
the canoe could not contain him. And
all have seen on the public stage the hairy
costume that won him the title of
JOCKO. The pleasure of that long August
day, with long, luxurious swims followed
by long, lazy meals and at last a
long paddle home, was something to be
felt, not chronicled. Hear the Return:
"Song of the KINEDOVES:

" ABOL steering, MEGUS in the bow,
In the middle JOCKO's sitting now,
EBENEZER kind of in the rear;
I'll never forget that time you can bet,
Mosquitoes as big as a steer!"

" Did you have a good time?" said
the Skipper.

" Well, KINEDOVE !!! "

Handwritten text in Arabic script, likely a religious or historical document. The text is arranged in approximately 10 lines, though the ink is very faded and difficult to decipher. Some words are more legible than others, but the overall meaning is obscured by the fading.

Handwritten text in Arabic script, continuing the document. This section also consists of about 10 lines of text, with similar fading issues as the first section. The script appears to be a cursive style common in historical Arabic manuscripts.

Handwritten text in Arabic script, likely a concluding or transitional section. It contains about 5 lines of text, which are also faded but appear to be part of the same continuous document.

III 340334 H. 1000

Wednesday, August 16. Rain all the morning.

Conundrum: -- When is a Tod when he puns?

Answer: --- The fewer the better.

There was a young duffer from Cleveland,

Who wished to go fishing and leave land;

He made so much noise,

That he frightened the buoys,

And the fish said, "Oh, go back to Cleveland!"

Wednesday:

Rain We leave the above remarks of the Lieutenant as

W. N.E.

Light. we found them. This morning was good steady pouring rain, and

the Infirmary has a large Miz, both fine and superfine, drying by the fire (Last night was the first time the new stove was lighted).

In the afternoon it cleared, so that our poor Campers will have a little dryness (this rain certainly pays Hippo for all his iniquities).

There was an expition of the Council of Three up Brillig Brook, of which ~~much~~ more hereafter (with full-page illustrations, Bobby!), and an expedition of a Council of One, the Doctor, to the Mills. The rest of us built boats, and went out for nice little hot paddles, and got dried through and through

Nicest arrivals in the afternoon!

James D. Barlow

John T. Perry

and in the evening a wonderful Sing-Song (Programme follows), and the first ~~half-past~~ full half-past-nine playing of the Greatest Game The Camp has ever known,

INDOOR SCOUTING.

The Campers came home in fine form; it must really have been wet and horrid, but they have been grand about it .

SING SONG.

AUG. Behh.

OVERTURE. CHOPSTICKS.

L.E.R. Jr; F.M.B. J R.

~~No. Bolgoade, Me. xxxxxxxx~~

SONGS, "TOMORROW WILL BE FRIDAY", "MELISSA"; H.H.R.

~~July 6, 1864 xxxxxxxx~~

SONGS;

MERRYWEATHER QUARTETTE.

CHORUSES.

OLD TOWLER. FORTY YEARS 'ON.

TINCUBATOR STUNT.

F.M.B. et.al.

(This was a Colonial production, the ~~characters~~ actors in full Colonial dress, very stately and elegant, even if they did put their feet on the table. The Declaration, read amid tumultuous applause, will be inserted later. The force and eloquence of the reader, (F. M.B.) defies description. We did not go to sleep, though Samuel Adams and Benny Franklin did!)

John Hancock.

F.M.B.

Sam'l Adams.

John Elliot.

G. Washington.

C.W. Hubbard

Benjamin Franklin.

McKinney.

Patrick Henry.

H. Abbot.

Thomas Jefferson.

P. Simons.

INSTRUMENTA L QUARTETTE.

MERRYWEATHER ORCHESTRA.

PARLOR SCOUTING GAME.

THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

CHORUSES.

CAMP SONG.

The Parlor Scouting roused such wild enthusiasm among the spectators that it was repeated as a Half-past-nine Game, when the younger Brothers had gone to bed; and this seems a good opportunity to describe the sport, a notable addition to our list of Quiet (!!!) Games. As in Field Scouting, the two parties, Algonquins and Iroquois, gathered at their respective bounds, the two ends of the room, after having disposed chairs, trestles and cushions in admired confusion along the intervening space. Then the Skipper, watch in hand, gave the order. "Blindfold!" and each player bound a handkerchief over his eyes. "On your marks! GO!" (I should say that after the blindfolding he and L.E.R. altered the position of the obstacles slightly, yet enough to confuse the player who should have noted their position too carefully.) They started, all but two, who remained as guards to watch the bounds, pacing up and down like caged tigers, waving their arms abroad, to catch the first comer. Then we, the two onlook

Events	First	Second	Third	time	Record	Former Record	Held by.	Seniors	Points	Juniors	Points
Jr. 50yd Dash	Perry	Poulsen	McKinney				Poulsen	Harding	19	Perry	5
Sr. 100yd Dash	Harding	Sweeney	Bennett			10' 9/10"	H. B. Barton	Bennett	7	(Lambert) Pearce	
Sr. Broad jump	Sweeney	Bennett	Harding	16.3		17' 6"	H. B. Barton	Henderson		Dimmick (Cary) out	
Jr. High	Webster	Leach	Webster	4' 1"		4' 1"	Swift	Chapman	2	Beebe Rice	14
Sr. High	Perry	Chapman	Webster	4' 6"		4' 10 5/8"	A. Shaw	Sloan		McKinney	2
Jr. Broad	Perry	Rice	Webster	13.1'		13' 8 1/2"	E. N. Bennett	Ladd		Chickoham	
Sr. 440	Harding	Sweeney	Bennett			54	Sweeney	Stevens	2	Cornstock Elliot	1
Jr. H.S. + J								Sweeney	24	Poulsen Lawrence	3
Sr. H.S. + J								Howe			
Sr. Shot Put	Harding	Sweeney	Webster	28.9		27.25	Plummer			Putnam	5
Jr. Shot Put	Webster	27.25	26.7	27.55		29.75	W. A. Lawrence			W. M.	11
Jr. 440	Putnam	Rice	Webster			1' 6 3/5	Russell			Simone	3
Sr. Pole vault										Webster	1
Jr. Pole vault										Sealy	3
Sr. Potato	Sweeney	Harding	Bennett							C. Stevens	
Jr. Potato	Webster	Sweeney	Poulsen							McKinney	
										Howe	5

1. Cornstock
2. Poulsen
3. H. S.

a screech which froze the very blood in my veins.

"Pow wow!" it cried. "Dead!" Hip-po! dead!"

I shuddered, and drew silently away from that ghastly shore; but even as I did so, a hideous clamor arose, as of a whole legion of savages yelling in fiendish chorus.

"Algonquins! Iroquois! all in! all in! all in!"

Horror! despair! I had been seen. The bloodthirsty Indians, sinking their mutual animosity for the moment, had united to attack a common enemy; that enemy was myself! They were about to plunge into the water in pursuit! My scalp lifted with an anticipatory thrill. Madly I bent to my oars, and pulled with might and main, expecting each moment to hear the barbed arrows whistling about me, to see hideous, be-painted forms ~~dash~~ plunge into the water, or the birch canoes shoot out from the screen of the trees. Happily I am a powerful oarsman: my boat fairly flew across the lake; and my swift motion apparently alarmed the savage miscreants. Instead of the expected onslaught, I heard only a confused murmur of many voices, a rushing and crackling among the bushes, growing momentarily fainter; and then silence fell once more, the silence of the primeval wilderness, rejoicing in the withdrawal of its ferocious tenants.

I have penned these hasty lines with the horror of the incident still fresh upon me; and I call upon you, sir, and through you upon all honest and peace-loving men, to raise the hue and cry, order out the State militia, and drive these bloodthirsty savages from their leafy fastnesses, so that our beloved State of Maine may once more be as free as she is fair.

I remain your humble servant,

Francis Flyrod.



Mail - Aug 11th

Sweeney

1905

Mail Aug 11



Camp Wetness.

August, 15-16, 1905.

(Camp Feet-In-The-Food)

In the midst of a down-pour, ^{we} the Camp Wetnessers, (Hippo Webb, Radish Abbot, Woodchuck Persimmons, Bob Sealy, Squidink Dummell and E. N. B.) left the remaining, unlucky brethren at the foot of Mt. Royal, and set out on our own hook. After much deliberation, we decided to encamp at the same place that the Pantsoakers had, in July, and so we "all ashored", and pitched our tent. The rain kindly stopped while we were pitching it, and it did not begin again until after supper. Just as we were retiring (at 7.45), Hippo rushed into the tent with his face as white as a sheet, and screamed that there was a chip-munk after him. This unexpected onslaught of a wild beast jarred our nerves considerably, and it was with great difficulty that we calmed the Hippopotamuses. Billy Squidink became hysterical from this time on, and he had the worst kind of a cackle laugh for the rest of the trip.

In spite of the all-night rain, we had no mishaps, and Bob Sealy was the only one dripped upon. We woke up at seven o'clock, and then began the trials for the cooks. All the wood was wet; it was ^{still} raining; and we had only a little dry excelsior to start the fire with. Nevertheless, after half an

hour's hard work, we had the fire going, and after over an hour's more work, we had the breakfast cooked. All the food was O.K. except some mush which we tried to fry, and which had been out in the rain all night. There was a slight disaster after breakfast. We piled our mattress of hemlock boughs on the fire, the sparks flew and lit on Bob Sealy's, and Hippo's clothes which were to leeward of the fire. Bob's drawers were entirely destroyed, and Hippo's were badly perforated before we discovered the damage. Delicious dinner was cooked without mishap and in the middle of it glorious Sol once more appeared upon the scene. After dinner we packed up, and departed for Hoyt's Island - where we washed - and camp.

P.S. - We had considerable difficulty at meal time in preventing Radish and Hippo from stepping in the food, and for a time we thought seriously of naming the camp, Feet-in-the-Food.

Wednesday
cont'd.

A DECLARATION

by the Representatives of the
Tincubator Take Your Time Tea Table
of
Camp Merryweather
(at Sing-Song assembled).

When in the cocoarse of Table D'Hote it becomes necessary for one table to dissolve in boiling wrath the culinary bands which have more or less connected them with another, and to ~~be~~ assume among the powers of the kitchen the separate and equal station to which the laws of cooks and bottle-washers entitle them, a decent respect to the laws of foodkind requires that they they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, or words to that effect, that all stomachs are created equal (present company excepted); that they are endowed with certain tremendous appetites (present company included); that among these are bread, butter, and the pursuit of jamtails. That to satisfy these appetites grubernments are instituted among men.

Prudence, indeed, will dictate that tables long established shall not be changed, or set, for light and transient courses. But when a long train of abuses and rubber-neckings evinces a design to ~~reduce~~ them to the state of cheese or thereabouts, ~~it~~ it is their right, it is their duty to provide new butlers for their future desserts. Such has been the patient suffering of this table. The history of the present long table is a history of repeated groanings and "Hayseeds", all having in

direct object the establishment of an absolutely pure (99.4%) tyranny over this little Switzerland, these second "Alps". To prove this, let facts and fiction be submitted to a candid South End.

1. They have made repeated attempted to destroy in heart, body and appetite, this divinely organized table.

2. They (especially the North End) have forbidden their members to pass plates of immediate and pressing importance.

3. They have allowed Percy Howe to eat carcasses in plain sight of our table.

4. They have yelled Hayseed across the foodless gulf which separates the two tables.

5. They have given assent to sundry acts of pretend digestion;

6. For depriving us in many cases of the benefits of 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th helps.

7. For allowing A. Sweeney to regard us through, over and under his glasses.

8. For protecting their members by mock trials from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of this table.

9. For quartering an insufficient number of spoons, cups, and saucers among us.

10. They have allowed F.C. Ladd, the notorious Galvanized Steer, to go unpunished for conduct unbecoming a camper, conduct which deserves and will get its proper reward.

11. They have excited domestic insurrection among us and have endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of this table the merciless Mr. Ogilby, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished conversion of all ages, sexes and conditions.

We, therefore, the representatives of the Tincubator Take your Time Tea Table, in general Sing-Song assembled, do hereby declare ourselves a free and jovial body of Beef-eaters, and with three cheers for that eight-legged, two-horsed, six-mouthed twelve-handed wonder, the TINCUBATOR, dissolve ourselves in the general Merryweather Soup,

In testimony whereof we do affix our names on this 4th of July 1905., (old style).

Wednesday, contin'd.

L. E. R.

McKinney.	Mr. Perry.
Webb.	Henderson.
Dr. Harrington.	F. M. B.
Beebe.	Ladd.
Kunhardt.	Putnam.
Bennett	Sweeney.
L. E. R. jr	Rees.
Hubbard.	J. S. B.
Miss Stickney	H. H. R.
J. W. R.	Chapman.
Ponsland.	Comstock.
Abbot	Sealy.
J. R.	R. R.
Sloan.	Lawrence.
Perry.	Elliot
Cary.	Dunnell.
Harding	
A. Stevens.	
H. R.	

The Round Table.

R. B. O.

(Arthur, rex rexque futurus.)	(quondam.)
Pearce. (Sir Percival)	Chisholm. (Sir Gawaine)
Lamb (Sir Lancelot)	Simons. (Sir Galahad)
Caroline (The Queen.)	

Wednesday, contin'd, (but the Skipper's illustration of the Rescue
of the Woodchuck really belongs two weeks ago!)



1905

Mar Aug 31
Sept 1



Thursday,
August 18.

Harry Peters Henderson

In the morning the Three Chugs butlered, while the evening before the Four Red-Heads were made to stand up and bow.

Mr. Barstow left after a twenty-four hour stay.

The second handicap track meet of the season was held ~~##~~ this afternoon. It was quite successful and some of the events were very exciting, particularly the junior 440 and the senior 100. The doctor's account will follow.

SECOND HANDICAP SPORTS.

The introduction of the potato race in this meet, at Mrs. Richards' suggestion, to replace the Hop, Step & Jump proved very fortunate, as the two events were the most exciting of the afternoon, affording very close contests. Harding and Sweeney fought gamely throughout the meet, each securing three firsts but Sweeney took three seconds to Harding's one second and one third, thus having 5 points advantage.

The Jelly-fish proved that mere protoplasm can jump as well as higher organisms, and that on dry land too. Pickles too ran a good race in the 440, though his performance showed that too big a handicap. Hubbard did very well in the high-jump beating the others from scratch. Webb in the shot-put at length nearly equaled his former performance and gained first place.

Friday
August 18.

Wind
South

Warm.

We are sorry tosay that the weather slips for the last few days have been lost, so that we may have to apply to Hippo for some of his stale weather.

This afternoon there were

SUNDRY STUNTS.

Some of the stunts were of an exciting nature and some # were very businesslike. Ned Harding's and Mr. Ogilby's parties went up Brillig Brook. Mr. Dick went to Ostia and up the Tiber to Rome. Captain John's stunt was called Camp Step-in-the-Bog and the name explains itself. Miss Betty explored an island while Mr. Barton geographied Oak.

The Captains' accounts in the evening were very funny, especially the Doctor's and Mr. Dick's.

After the accounts the half-past niners played Boston, and while we were playing Mr. and Mrs. Cabot arrived.



Mail - Aug 17th

Sloan



Mail - Aug 18th

Sweeney

William

G. E. R.

Sweeney
Henderson

Carey
(Gibbs)

Pamless

P. B. O.

Webb

Dunnell

P. M. L.

(Gibbs)



Picnic
Aug 20th
Hemlock Point

Yammonchew

R. R.

E. H.

Chapman

Pease

Lawrence

Identical

Mrs. Calvert

H. H. R.

Shaw

Peterson

Beebe

Sly Fox

F. M. D.

E. N. B.

Perry

Adams

Chapman

A. Stevens

Mr. Kinney

Sedley

Howe

Kamhardt

C. Stevens

Clark

G. R.

Adams

Conrad

F. R. J.

Clark

Mrs. Calvert

Dunnell

Lawrence

Hubbard

Ellen

J. T. H.

Yard

Pease

G. W. R.

Mail Aug 19



1877
Saturday
August 19.

This afternoon there were two games of ball. Nothing much

T. 83 can be said about either, as they were rotten exhibitions. The
B. 29.59

Wind Squashes overwhelmed the Radishes who were terribly asleep.

S.S.W.

Clear The second game was much worse than the first and it was well
that the younger brethren had been sent off the field.

In the evening there were

CHARADES

1. INCUBATOR.

This gave us a variety of scenes, acting, fishing, mining; and ended with a grand tableau, fondly recalling the vanished glories of the "Tin-cubator."

2. POLYPHEMUS.

Great doings here. First, Nansen led his gallant followers to the North Pole, which was plainly to be seen (on the blackboard!) Other scenes followed, but the crowning glory of the charade was the final scene, with Odysseus (E. Harding) and his companions in the cave of the Cyclops. Their agony of terror when the giant entered was most most thrillingly depicted, but then that was as nothing to the terrible moment when Polyphemus (Capt. John) blinded by the burning stick, raged about the cave roaring and bellowing and seeking whom he might destroy. Then indeed audience as well as actors clung to their chairs and trembled for their lives.

3. ASININE.

(Ah-Sin nine). The first scene gave two syllables, the ballad of the Heathen Chinee being read and acted in dumb show. A base-ball game followed, while the whole odd word was admirably given in a dialogue between the sub-editor and Jelly.



Mail - Aug 19th

— " —

Henderson

Sundry Stunts.

August 18, 1905.

H. H. R.

Sealy.

Simons.

Dunnell

The North-west Brooks

J. R.

~~Mom.~~

Chapman.

Elliott.

Babe.

Camp Step-in-the-Bog.

(Howland Hill Bog.)

F. M. B.

Surveying Oak Island.

Rees.

Henderson.

Ladd.

Cary.

R. B. O.

Brillig Brook.

Sloan.

Lamb.

Putnam.

E. N. B.

Hoyt's Island
(Black berries)

Hubbard

Cornstalks.

Mary Anne.

J. T. H.

Meadow Brook Bog.

Radish.

Hippo.

Harriet.

J. W. R.

Ellis Pond, by the Mill
Stream.

A. Sterens.

Howe.

McKinney.

E. H.

Brillig Brook.

C. Sterens.

Cheese.

Mr Perry

Jelly

Pow-wow.

L. E. R. jr.

Sweeney

Lawrence

Miss Stickney.

Sunday
August 20.
T. 71
B. 29.3
Calm
Clear.

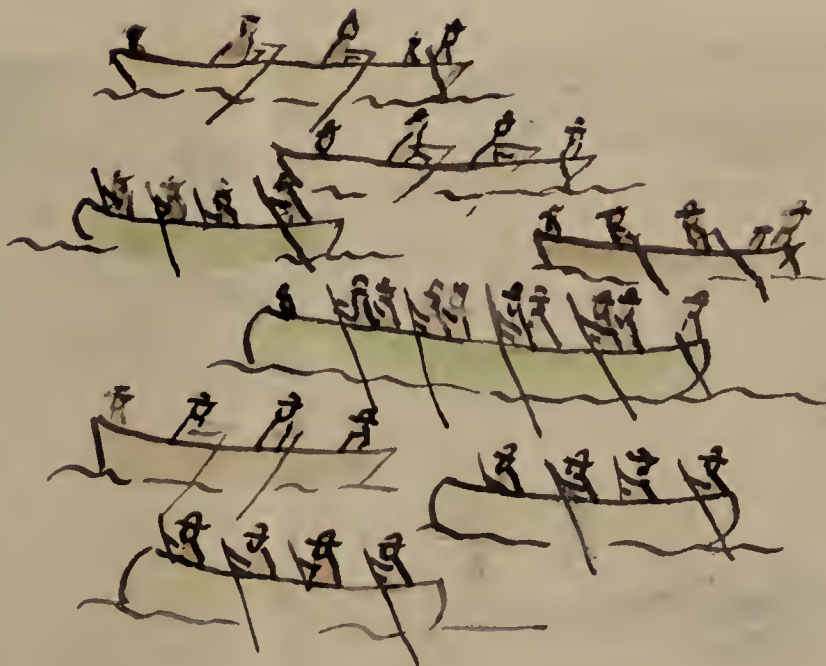
The pic-nic today was at Hemlock Point. The jam was spilled on the slip before starting, but Miss Julia recovered it. When we had arrived the able-bodied took a walk, while the others stayed on the shore and read the "Mysterious Island". After supper the quartette sang, and then on the way home there was an exciting race which Mr. Dick won in the Identica

Sundry Notes.

Mike found the eagle eating scraps behind the ice-house several days ago.

The loons are here in great numbers, having just come down from the small ponds farther inland.

Miss Rosalind saw a gull flying over the lake.



The Elliot Cabot + Ethel Cabot.

Picnic Aug 20th 1905

Monday
August 21.

Wind is the reason why the log is so poor lately.

South.

Clear.

Miss Rosalind went into town this morning. (N.B.) That

Arrivals !

William Amory Gardner.
SCOUTING GAME.

1st Game.

Algonquins . 10 Killed - 11.

2nd Game.

Iroquois, 10 Killed - 11.

3rd Game.

Algonquins . 2 Runs - 0.

Eighth
Scouting
Afternoon.



Mail - Aug 21st

7 a.m.

R.R. A. Stevens

(I hope I have left room enough for the score. It isn't often I am allowed a chance at this machine! L.E.R.)

Well, they were great games. As is shown by the score, the Algonquins won the first, the Iroquois the second, each by a single shot. When it came to the third, there was some--indeed much, difference of opinion. A point uncovered by a rule, came up, and some thought this, and some thought that. There will be a rule about it before the next game, so I will only say that Algonquins and Iroquois vied with each other, each striving to obtain the palm of generosity and good will. They were so excited about it that they made speeches instead of eating their supper, a thing to be noted. Finally the matter was referred to the Skipper and the two Captains, and they fought it out on the float after supper, with the result given above; though the question as to which of those two is the more generous, friendly and right-minded, is not yet settled nor likely to be.

In the evening, after games on the hill, was held the third
PARLOR SCOUTING EXTRAORDINARY.

All hands this time, eight-c'lockers and all, dividing into four parties so that all had a chance. They played with fury, they played with skill; no one was killed, and all went to bed happy. Several players developed singular methods, notably Captain John and Victor; we feel that great developments are still to be reached in this noble game. A new rule was

made, forbidding "holding", so that there was none of the furious and alarming wrestling of the first two games. It is now more like "Boston" the opponents exploring lightly and gently in the matter of hair, nose etc, instead of grabbing the throat and choking the person met.

1905

Mail Aug 21

Expeditions - Aug 22^d

Mc O'Brien

Williwaw

F.M.B

Ladd
Pousland
Comstock

Identical

A. Stevens

Perry
Howe
Beebe

Viennese Alps

Pantasote

J.T.H.

McKinney
C. Stevens
Kunhardt

Caucomgomack

J.W.R

Sweeney
Dunnell
Elliot

Mc Tom

Pink

J.R.

Sealy
Lawrence (Fuzzg)

Hecuba

E.N.B

Hubbard
Putnam

Sappers & Miners

Ebenezer

H.H.R

Chapman
Rees
Lamb

Aboljockamegus

H.R

Webb
Chisholm
Abbott



Due at Camp at 7.45 h.m.

Report of Sappers and Miners

Aug. 22, 1905.

The Oblol., manned by H. R. Abbot, Chisholm and Webb and the Eben. with H. H. R. Lamb, Rees and Chapman, left camp soon after 10.00 a.m. with axes, bill hook, crowbar, and ropes, purposing to clear out some of the stumps, snags, and other obstacles in Meadow Brook. The Mt. Tom expedition, under Capt. John and Neville, accompanied us until we stopped and began work. Time to Meadow Br. 41 min. In the meadow the brook is clear, but soon after entering the woods we found plenty to occupy our attention, and from the first bridge to the second we were very busy. Small snags were often removed by hand, from the canoes; bigger ones, logs and stumps often required the crowbar, rope, and all hands. The axe also did good work on many of the logs. Our usual plan of action was as follows: on meeting an obstacle, the Commodore would dismount and look it over; often he could remove it without help, but if it was heavy, or stuck fast, or if the water was fairly deep, the "water crew" would be called for, and Higgs, Tom and Maynard would plunge in and swim about and under the Skipper's directions would get the log or stump out of the way. In some cases all hands had to take hold. Fortunately it was hot, and spending a good part of the day in the water was not unpleasant. We lunched rather late, and went right on afterwards, clearing the channel pretty well up to the second bridge. Light overhanging branches we did not bother with and many heavy logs and stumps we had to leave, but we did a good job. Had supper with the Mt. Tom crowd, but came home after them. Time. Meadow Br. to Camp. 39 min. Reached camp 7.47 P.M.

Mr Chapman's African Song.
 (Lined by the author. William A. L. Chamber.
 in Central Africa.)

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The notation includes several measures with notes, rests, and the word "Ryo" written above some notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The notation includes several measures with notes, rests, and the words "yaw mawon" and "bartayon" written above some notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

This is as well as the train will be
 we write right I have underlined the syllables
 in their right degree of accent.
 The words mean "Help us food, Help us Medicine Man?"

LOG OF THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

Tuesday, Aug. 22d.

The Expeditionary Forces will tell their various tales, no doubt. They all enjoyed themselves, and we are glad of it. ours be it to tell of our own doings. But first I must chronicle

~~xxxxxhappeningxxxxxx~~ a sad happening. Just as the crews were starting, Mr Comstock arrived, having come just for an hour, to see O.G. But O.G. had ~~xxxxx~~ started, his boat well on her way across the lake; so the Spartan father refused to have him called back, and departed, after being shown the Camp.

By most of us, the morning was devoted to study. What would you? we are students. Dearer to us the printed page, fair black and white, than any wanderings by wood and wild. "We have the letters Cadmus gave!" or, to paraphrase the words of the rustic poet,

"Let vules gwo praating vur and nigh,

We stwops at whoam, my books and I!"

At eleven o'clock I blew the horn; and slowly, unwillingly, the others tore themselves from their books. "Gosh!" cried Eddie, tossing his mighty arms abroad: "must I go? how can I leave my pious Aeneas in his present strait? It's awfully hard on a fellow, you know, to have to break off like this, just in the most exciting part: I don't stand for it at all, but if I must, I suppose I must."

At the same moment, in the Snoritory, ~~xxxxx~~ Herr Ogilby and Mary Anne started up at sound of the horn, and eyed each other with lips compressed and troubled look. "Must we go, sir?" asked the boy, in a trmbling voice. "Do we have to swim?"

"We must, my son," replied the master, sadly. "It is hard, but we can bear it. Courage, Mary Anne! it is to the strong that such trials are sent. There will be other times--" his voice broke; he dashed the manly tear from his eye, and sternly moved toward the float, followed by the weeping child. Moved by their example, the heroic Todward, with one last look at the beloved volume, closed his Greek History, and choking down a sob, strode after them; and with them also went young Per, as it were one ~~bewildered, murmuring to himself,~~

"Of all sweet words by sea or shore,

The sweetest are these; "Twice two is four!"

Enough! they swam. Honor to whom honor is due!

In the afternoon the gallant students were rewarded by two and a half hours of solid study; then, refreshed and--ah! no, not satisfied, yet comfortably sustained with knowledge, they ~~afterwards~~ addressed themselves to the real business of the

afternoon, the

WATER SPORTS.

(Inspissated juice of Ficus Elastica.)

These events were arranged by Mr Gardner, with a skill and a fertility of invention worthy of himself; can I say more? The official score is given below. Here is the Programme, as originally drawn up.

1. Umbrella Sailing Regatta.
2. Tug of War.
3. Crab Race.
4. Straight-away Race.
5. Paw Race.
6. Drifting Race.

Owing to the absence of wind, the Tug of War actually came first, and here Greek met Greek indeed, in Homeric combat. The score gives little idea of the tremendous interest of this event. The race was rowed directly in front of the float, the boats fastened together with a rope, the contestants pulling in opposite directions; victory falling to the boat that pulled its opponent past the end of the float, open water showing beyond the stern. It was a wonderful exhibition of strength and valor, sometimes under difficulties, as when the intrepid Herr's seat gave way under him, and he continued to pull for the life, sitting on the bottom of the boat. (Miss Betty, filled with admiration at this gallant feat, quoted from the "Hunting of the Cheviot",

"For when both his legges were hewen in twain,
He rose and fought on his knee.")

The first event over, the breeze sprang up most obligingly, and the Umbrella Sloop Race came off with great glory. The four boats were ranged in line, abreast of Pickerel Rock. At the word, megaphonically given by Mr Gardner, each coxswain hoisted his umbrella, and the brave vessels sped lightly over the rippling wave. The Yammerschooner, being much the lightest, was handicapped, starting a boat's length behind the others. It was a pretty sight, to see the stanch old "Sweet By-and-by" draw away from the rest. Youth at the prow, (Mary Anne, holding his umbrella proudly aloft,) and Pleasure at the helm, (Miss Betty steering,) on, on she came, straight for the float. The Yammerp schooner, spite of her handicap, soon took the second place, the Arklet and Wobbler bobbing sturdily along, but outclassed, in spite of their merits. It was a gallant race; and shouts of congratulation greeted the winner as she swept up to the float with the Yammerschooner, running a bit wild, but still crossing the line well in advance of the other two.

Then---oh, then! came the Paw Race! ~~xxxx~~ "The race that never was on sea or land!" Here all artificial aids were laid aside no sail, no oar, no paddle; only ten good fingers, (to be accurate, twenty,) and ten vigorous toes. The paws leaned over the bow, port and starboard; the kicker, seated in the stern with his feet in the water, --kicked! I should think he did! Neddie's legs flew like the stern-wheel of a "wheelbarrow" steamer. Mary Anne followed suit bravely, but was no match for him. In spite of all the Arklet's efforts, the Wobbler forged steadily ahead, and crossed the line amid tumultuous applause.

In the second heat Todward replaced Mary Anne, but without avail; it was the Wobbler's race, and she bore ~~her~~ honors proudly and gracefully.

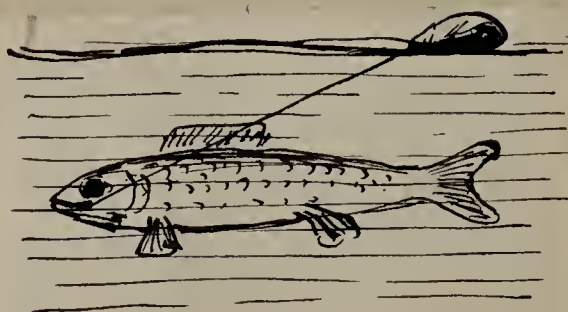
The other races on the programme were omitted, as tea-time came all too soon. We did indeed start the drifting race after tea, all hands, (twelve precious souls,) stowing themselves in the Arklet and Wobbler, and paddling out to Pickerel Rock. There the paddles were laid aside, and the boats requested to drift homeward; but they had their own views. Possibly they thought themselves too heavily loaded, (they were!) and remonstrated as best they could; at all events, what they did was to run aground on Pickerel and show every intention of staying there. So we gave up the race, resolved ourselves into a story-telling party, and sat there peacefully in the golden evening light till the voices of the returning Expeditioners warned us that it was time to get under way ~~for~~ home. Neither boat upset, and we think they did pretty well.

So ended a memorable afternoon.

It should be added that Miss Rosalind returned just in time to see the sports; she had been away quite long enough.



The Return of the Sappers and Miners



Mail, Aug 22^d

WATER SPORTS OF THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

uesday cont'd

1. UMBRELLA SAILING REGATTA.

Won by Sweet-by-and-by, Miss Betty cox., Pearce umbr.
2nd Yammerschooner, R.B.O. cox., Simons umbr.
3rd Arklet, Harding cox., Cary umbr.
4th Wobbler, Henderson cox., Miss A.H.G. umbr.

2. TUG OF WAR.

Junior singles won by Cary.
Faculty singles won by ~~Mr. Gardner~~ Mr. Gardner.

Senior singles 1st. heat won by Harding
2nd. heat won by Harding.
Doubles 1st. race won by R.B.O. & Cary.
2nd. race won by Henderson & Cary.

3. PAW RACE.

(1st. race)

Won by Wobbler, Harding Kicker, Cary & Mr. G. Powers.
2nd. Arklet, Pearce Kicker, R.B.O. & Miss Betty Powers.

(2nd. race)

Won by Wobbler, same crew.
2nd. Arklet, Sloan Kicker, Henderson & Simons Powers.

Wobbler wins

YAMMERS CHOONER - ARKLET WAIBLER
SWEET-IBYE-AND, (WHICH WAS THE WINNER)



THE UMBRELLA RACE OF THE STAY-AT-HOMES AUG 22. 1905

TEOT

Wednesday
August 23.

Fair
calm.

We forgot to say that Hippo went yesterday, deserting us with bag and weather. However the Skipper appointed Mike Cary to be Weather-man in place of the dear departed.

In the afternoon there was the base-ball game between the junior nines. The Merryweathers were beaten, but they put up a very plucky game considering the comparative sizes of the ~~###~~ players. We, in general with the whole camp, have a complaint to make. It is that people from all about here come to our ~~###~~ base-ball games as if they were public enterprises. We hope ~~#~~ that a stop will be put to this.

In the evening was Sing-Song, and a very successful one. The principal event was a Sort of a thing called "A Kind of a Stunt". It was a magnificent drama in five acts conducted on earth, in the water and the heavens above. There were new songs and old songs with new words, two canoes in the rafters (that is, on the lake), mosquitoes as big as cows and many other things. It seems as if each stunt in turn was better than the last and truly we have had some wonders this year.

Wednesday cont'd.

SING-SONG.

August 23.

1. COCKADOODLE DUET. F.M.B. J.R.
2. SONG. RICHARD OF TAUNTON DEAN. Mr. DICK.
3. CHORUSES. GAUDEAMUS, LYNN OF PRESTON.
4. SONGS. MERRYWEATHER QUARTETTE.
5. A KIND OF A STUNT. HERR OGILBY et al.
6. CAMP SONG.



Mail - Aug 23^d

— " —

Henderson

Thursday
August 24th.

Wind
calm south east.
T. 70.
B. 29.30
Partly cloudy.

A quiet day; the afternoon devoted to boat-building. The boathouse was a scene of great activity, the slip covered with chips, shellac, varnish, putty, and sprawling Brothers, all hard at work. The Campers went off very quietly, after afternoon reading. Later, arrived

Helen B. Harding
Emor H. Harding

Eightth Camping Trip .

The Autocrat of the Boathouse drove to the station to meet them, and came back a very happy Neddy .

In the evening, 8.30 Boston.
Oh! to think of my forgetting to say that it was our beloved Uncle Abe's birthday, his seventeenth. He received, and gave, some delicious peaches in honor of the day, and we all feasted on them at tea, and pitied the Campers



Mail - Aug 24th

A. Stevens

Camping Trip
Aug 24th

Henderson
Pearce
Lawrence
Beebe
Rees
Chisholm

F. M. D. B.

Start 2.30 p.m.
3 meals out

Friday
August 25th.
Wind
West.Calm.
Clear.
T.62
B.29.45

In the morning we read the great chapter of "Montcalm and Wolfe", describing the storming the Heights of Abraham and the death of the two great commanders. In the afternoon, boat-building again absorbed all hands.

Early in the afternoon the campers returned. The name of their camp was Dyalafin, and ~~the~~ they reported having a fine time.



Mail - Aug 25th
— " —

Sweeney

1905

~~Aug~~
Mail Aug 25
+ 26

Saturday
August 26.

calm. day of wild and wooly boat-building. Everybody was terribly
warm.
bysy and very anxious.

Miss Anna Gardiner left early in the afternoon.



Mail - Aug 26th

Hubbard

Picnic - Aug. 27th
Jamaica Point

Sly Fox

Capt. H. H. R.

J. W. R. Perry

Chisholm Elliot

Comstock Sealy

Beebe Howe

C. Stevens }
Pearce } pass.

Caucomgomock

Henderson

Lamb

M^s Kinney

R. B. O.

Ebenezer

A. Stevens

Dunnell

Abbot

F. M^s D. B.

Aboljockamegus

Hubbard

Powisland

Simons

E. H.

Williwaw

L. E. R. (cox)

Sweeney

Chapman

Putnam (pass.)

Grub (pass.)

Yammerschooner

Miss Carter (cox)

J. R.

Sloan

Lawrence (pass)

Pantasote

L. E. R. jr. (cox)

E. N. B.

Rees

Kunhardt (pass)

Grub (pass.)

Identical

W. A. G (cox)

J. T. H.

Ladd

Cary (pass)

August 27, contin'd.

A.M.R. sailed today, on S.S. Potsdam, Amsterdam (Boulogne) for New York.

Mr. Ogilby, Jelly, and ^{Tom Lamb} ~~Maynard Rees~~ swam to Oak Island, the first time it has been done this summer, time, 37 minutes.

Maynard Rees has done two very good drawings, one of the Infirmary, and one of the Prawlery, which he has been asked to give to the Camp.

The Faculty Quartette have been splendid; Two Roses, Sleep, Kentucky Babe, Schneider's Band, and Integer Vitae have been some of the best things they have given us.

OCCASIONAL VERSES.
(The Faculty Quartette).

"Three little night-shirts in the Miz,
First they soaked and then they friz,
In the morning they were seen,
Up among the branches green.

Chorus:

Neddy and the night-shirts, boo hoo hoo,
Neddy and the night-shirts, boo hoo hoo,
In the morning they were seen
Up among the branches green."

"Two little night-shirts, etc. (repeat as before.)

And then we had this wail for an encore, one Sing-song night:

"Why is my bathing suit put in the Miz!
Why is my bathing suit put in the Miz!
Why is my bathing suit put in the Miz!
Bathing suit! Bathing suit!
Put in the Miz!"

Faculty Quartette:

H.H.R.

F.M.B.

J.R.

R.B.O.

Doodle-bugs:

Gideon Spilett,

Francklyn Lawrence.

Herbert,

Mary Anne.

Pencroft

~~Mary Anne~~ & Percy Howe.

Neb.

Oliver Beebe.

Cyrus Harding, R.R.

Collection of trees; found near Camp:

~~White Pine~~

White Pine

Hornbeam.

Red Oak.

Red Pine.

Hop-hornbeam.

Linden.

Spruce.

Shad-bush.

White Maple.

Hemlock.

Alder.

Sugar Maple.

Fir.

Hazel..

Mountain Maple.

Yew.

Witch-hazel.

Striped Maple.

Larch.

Canoe Birch

Red Maple.

Juniper.

Yellow Birch.

Beech.

Black Birch.

White Willow.

Ash.

Black Cherry.

Red Cherry.

The Sphinx caterpillar, after making an attempt to bury, has unfortunately died, but the Polyphemus found by John Elliot has spun a beautiful cocoon, and we hope he will come out finely in the spring.

Sunday
August 27.

The pic-nic today was to Jamaica Point. In the race over

T.66. the Fox won out rather easily with a light crew, and also she
B.29.48
Wind won on the way back. There were a few more Stay-on-the-shores
Clear. than usual, while the Skipper and Miss Rosalind stayed at home
altogether.

We will now put in just one or two omissions:

On Thursday the Faculty did a wonderful stunt, while the Brethren were boat-building. They got up and out of the way the big stones that have, stubbed all our toes for these five years, at the north-west corner of the Camp. It really was ~~a big piece of~~ quite a tremendous piece of work. They pried the biggest rock partly out of place, then split it, as they found a practicable flaw, all working together with crow-bars, etc. They worked like beavers all the afternoon, and at last got all three ~~stones~~ rocks up and out of the way. and the big holes left filled in. Mr. Dick unfortunately gave his thumb a bad blow with the crowbar, however; the nail has had to be taken off, and it is a horrid looking place.

Mary Anne cut his thumb the other day, and had to have a stitch taken in it, ~~which he took most cheerfully and~~

Monday
August 28.

T.69 and it was the fiercest and most exciting day which we have
B.29.4I
Wind S.E. had yet. There was turmoil all over the camp and the sound of
Clear.
many voices crying, "Where are the scissors?"

The
Grand
Regatta.

Morning reading reading was cut out, as ~~were~~ the squads
and afternoon reading. Work was continued right up to the race
and the Doctor was at work right up to the last heat.



Mail - Aug 28th

A. Stevens

L. E. R

Carey. Mr. Gardner.

Elliot. Henderson.

Dr. Harrington Harding.

Ponsland. F. M. B.

C. Stevens. Putnam.

L. E. R. and Hubbard.

A. G. Sloan.

R. H. G. Jr.

Howe. W. F. L.

J. W. R. Rees.

Simons. H. H. R.

Chisholm Pearce.

Lamb.

R. B. O. McKinney.

Sealy Kunhardt.

Lawrence

C. A. S.

Comstock R. R.

Sweeney C. Ladd.

Bennett. Chapman.

H. R.

The
Comfortable

J. R.

Abbot Perry

Dunnell Beebe

A. Stevens.

We forgot to say that at the last sing-song Chester managed to knock over one of the big lamps just as every one was sitting crowded together. Mr. Barton's quickness saved us from what might have been a horrid time. The lamp was all in flames, but he picked it up instantly and had it out of doors before even any of the chairs had had time to catch.

No stubbing our toes at night now, going past the corner of the North Dormitory! It is fine having the big rocks out of the way. The additional row of big stepping stones from the South Dormitory to the middle steps is a great help too on rainy days. Herr Ogilby set in the last big stone on the Hampshire Hill day, and J.R.'s ~~and~~^{ve} has been doing noble service on the Pebble Squad putting pebbles from the shore all round the Infirmary building. (The type-writer is feeling a little off this morning!)

The Ladies are very grateful to the Doctor for the delightful tooth-brushing stepping stones and path to the water in Sunshine Alley.

MERRYWEATHER CUPS RACE.

Monday, August 28th.

Ist Heat.

Entries; Kid; A.Stevens.
Cochichewick. A.Sweeney.
3.Boojum. L.McKinney.
Go-Go. W.A.Gardner.
Flying Dutchman. M.Cary.

Admiral of the Course. H.H.R.
Judge. H.R.

Starters of First Heat; J.R. E.H.

Mr Dick was in the Rob with the megaphone; and after the start, the following roars reached the Grand Stand, o) the float.

"The Boojum is a strong favorite!" The Boojum has also a strong backing!"

(Conversation on the float.) "Mr Richards, shall I-- " Mr Richards, would you---" "Mr Richards, where is---"; "Mr Richards, who shall___"--- "Mr Richards." "BE STILL, ALL OF YOU!")

Wind fresh, n.w. A false start! Too much to windward.

Fresh start. Great excitement. "Boojum going very well."

"Go-Go gaining!" "Cochichewick going ahead!"--"Kid has passed Cochichewick!"--"The Go-Go is still going!"

"Kid well ahead and increasing her lead!"--"Wind dying out!"--"Flying Dutchman coming up!"--"Kid leads," "Kid still leads!"-- KID WINS!

1. Kid.

2. Cochichewick; 3. Boojum; 4. Go-Go. 5. Flying Dutchman.

2d Heat. Ponderosa. J. Richards.

Entries. 58. J.P. Putnam. (Pickles.)
Perjammerschooner. P. Simons. (Per.)
Anomaly. (formerly Succasaurus.) R. Henderson.
Queen. C. Stevens.

Starters straightened out. A. Stevens, A. Sweeney. etc, etc. (I can't get them straightened out.)

"Ponderosa is coming up!"--"Almost a tie race between Ponderosa and Queen!" --"Pondy ahead!"--"Anomaly about to be picked up!"

"58 ahead!"--"Going to be very close finish!"--"58 ahead of Pondy!"--"Anomaly has been picked up!"--"Wind has died out!"

1. 58.

2. Queen. 3. Ponderosa.

3rd.-heat.

Entries.

Goat-----A. Stevens.
Rolling Pin----~~Woodchuck~~ Cornstalks.
Woodchuck-----P. Simons.
24I-----Mr. Barton.
Hasty Helen----E. Harding.
Pie Rat-----J. Elliot.

The Skipper--"Stand back from the float there!"

Mrs. Richards--"Keep still everybody!"

Mr. Dick(roaring)---"Very close,boats will be in together
"Rolling Pin well ahead!"----"Hasty Helen is no longer hasty
she has upset!"----"ROLLING PIN wins!"

1. Rolling Pin. 2. Pat. 3. Goat.

4th. heat.

Entries.

Bent Pin-----Mr. Dick.
Jam Tail-----Radish.
Ichthyo-----Tod Sloan.
Pow-----Pow-wow.
Ping-pong-----Ghubbard.
Flying Spud----Miss Betty.

Mr. Dick---"Jam Tail is holding up pretty well!"--"Bent
Pin picked up!"---- "Ichthyo,Ping-pong & Pow all abreast for
first place!"----"Flying Spud-headed for Oak Island!"--"See
the Ichthyo go ahead!"----"Ichthyø wins by a fine burst of
speed!"

1. Ichthyo. 2. Ping-pong. 3. Pow.

5th. heat.

Entries.

1.Pooh-Bah-----A. Sweeney.
2.Cheese-Box-----Cheese.
3.Dear-Me-----Miss Rosalind.

(The report of this heat has been lost.If found,the other
entries will be subjoined.)

Winners in the order given above.

6th Heat.

Entries.	The Idea!	F.M.Barton.
	Jollycumpop.	J.W.R.
	Well-bred Board.	J.T.H.
	Caterbumblepillar.	V.Chapman.
	Pie Rat.	J.Elliot.
	Curious One.	L.E.R.Jr.
	Pony Express.	Harriet Kunhardt.
	Spondulix.	M.Rees.
	Miz.	Jellyfish.

This heat has to be started further south than the others, on account of the great number of boats.

They are off!

Jollycumpop travelling very fast.--Spondulix doing well.

Well-bred Board has a burst of speed---but has now capsized. Is righted --has capsized again!

Spondulix ahead.----Miz going fast!

"The Idea!" is second; she might go faster if she kept straighter

Curious One now second.---Caterbumblepillar has got all mixed up with another boat.(How strange!) --Bred-board is again to be picked up.--

Curious One is gaining---gaining--

Spondulix is gaining--is ahead---

Spondulix wins.

1. Spondulix wins

2. Curious One.

3. "The Idea!"

4. Jollycumpop.

Semi-Finals.

For these, all sails were shifted, more canvas being added on account of the failure of the wind. No sooner was this done, and additional sails tacked, pinned or glued on, that the wind rose again, and many records thereby changed. The rising wind was fatal to the noble Ponderosa, and to many another gallant craft. But it was a splendid heat, sailed in two heats, seven boats in each.

1st heat.

1. Rolling-pin.

2. Knd and Pat a dead heat.

2d heat.

1. Pow.

2. Ping Pong.

3. Poo-bah.

Finals.

(The reporter could not see this near at hand, because there was such a racket that her head threatened to come off. It was a wonderful heat, by all accounts.)

Entries.

Rolling Pin;

Kid.

Pat.

Cochichewick.

Pow.

Ping Pong.

Poo-bah.

~~Shrieks! Yells! Howls! Roars! Cries! Yowls! Bellows!~~

Shrieks! Yells! Howls! Roars! Cries! Yowls! Bellows!

Amid an uproar that shook the float to its depths, the Kid crossed the line, and our own Uncle Abe had won the Merryweather Cup.

Pow sailed an excellent race, and made a very good second.

1. Kid.

2. Pow.

3. Cochichewick.

4. Poo-Bah.

Arrivals! Well, we should rather think so! At 3. 42

came

Alice Gardiner.

R. H. Gardiner jr.

(signatures both forgeries, as we forgot to get them to put them in), and about six there was a great roaring cheer, and Billy came running down the hill.

W. F. Ladd jr. !!

1905

Mail Aug 29

Tuesday, Aug. 29th.

T. 60.

B. 29.20.

~~W. 29.20.~~

Wind east.

Clear.

Hampshire Hill & M. O'Brien

Aug. 29th

Sly Fox

J. T. H.

* L. E. R. - McKinney
Chisholm - Abbot
Comstock - Elliot
* C. Stevens - Putnam
Kunhardt (pass)

Cancomgomock

W. F. L.

Dunnell
Poulson
Hubbard



Mail - Aug 29th

Sweeney

Williwaw

* L. E. R. (cox)
T. M. B.
A. Stevens
Lawrence (pass)

Pantasole

* W. A. G. (cox)
Henderson
Chambers
Bees (pass)

Yammer schooner

* R. R. (cox)
Sweeney
Rees
* Cary (pass)

Identical

* A. G. (cox)
T. R.
Perry
Horn

* Drop out at Mills and are picked up on return

Driving Party

L. E. R.	L. E. R. jr.
A. G.	R. R.
C. Stevens	Henderson
W. A. G.	Cary.

But in spite of Mike, the weather did not stay clear. By the time we reached the Mills the sky was all overcast, and rain not only threatened, but began; so that we hied us to the STORE, and hired three great big huge oil-skin coats for the ladies, at twenty-five good cents apiece, yes, we did. (We also bought sneakers, and chocolate, and cambric, and safety-pins, and many other things.)

And no sooner had we, the driving party, started off again, with our oil-skins tucked under the seats, than off it cleared again and the sun came out and laughèd at us. But little we cared!

We had a most wonderful drive, and the others had a most wondrous walk; and we met, (all but the Mt. O'Brieners,) on the top of Hampshire Hill, and saw the kingdoms of the earth, and ate many (too many!) dew-berries, which some of us call low-bush black-berries, (and I am one of them!) and were very, very happy. I forgot to say that we, the driving party, had dined by the roadside, in a lovely open meadow, where we sat and sunned ourselves and ate--an ate--until the bumble-bees came and drove us away, and stung our Chug, after he had nobly interfered to drive the beast away from Miss Betty. Yes; and the other Hampshire Hillers, the walkers, saw us, and took us for cows, and we hope Dr Jim thinks that was polite.

So we all came back, and supped, again in detachments, by the way; and all met at the Mills, under a sunset sky, and so home in the gathering dusk; the old Fox in such a state of hilarity that she broke down the slipwhile they were launching her.

So ended a great day; and meanwhile, the stay-at-homes had had the same threatening weather, and worse, with such a wind that Herr Ogilby was able to take his canoe test, and passed it triumphantly.

THE SKIPPER.

(Air; "Rosin the Beau")

Oh! Skipper, please lend me the varnish!

Oh! Skipper, please lend me the glue!

Oh! Skipper, my bowsprit is broken,

Please make me another one, do!

Oh! Skipper, I can't find the chisel;

Oh! Skipper, I've broken the plane;

Oh! Skipper, my boat has tipped over,

And now shall I right her again?

Oh! Skipper, say, where are we going?

Oh! Skipper, what time do we start?

Oh! Skipper, I fain would be knowing

How soon from my books I may part.

Oh! Skipper, what boat shall I go in?

Oh! Skipper, I'd like a canoe!

Oh! Skipper, how shall I be stowin'

The grub and the passengers too?

Oh! Skipper, I can't find my letter;

Oh! Skipper, please give me a stamp!

Oh! Skipper, please don't make me change them,

They're only a little bit damp.

Oh! Skipper, do I have to do it?

Oh! Skipper, it never was I!

Oh! Skipper, I ne'er can get through it,

There's really no use for to try.

The Skipper he listens in silence,

The Skipper he answers with calm;

Though at heart he may wish you a mile hence,

His aspect is temperate balm.

But you may get a trifle too chipper,

And then comes a crack on the head---

OH! Campers, look out for the Skipper,

Or you soon may repent it in bed!

L.E.R.

Canoe Races

Order of Crews

Senior Doubles

1st Heat { ^{Sg}Harding } vs. { ^{rk}A. Stevens }
 { Hubbard } { Henderson }
 2^d Heat { ^{Sg}Sweeney } vs. { ^{rk}Sloan }
 { Ladd } { Chapman }

Senior Singles

1st Heat - ^{rk}Harding - ^{Sg}Hubbard - Henderson
 2^d Heat - ^{rk}Sweeney - ^{rk}Ladd - ^{Sg}Sloan
 3^d Heat - A. Stevens - Chapman

Junior Doubles

1st Heat { ^{Sg}Rees } { ^{rk}McKinney } { ^{rk}Abbot }
 { Putnam } { Elliot } { Lamb }
 2^d Heat { Perry } { Comstock } { Chisholm }
 { Beebe } { Pousland } { Simone }
 { Sealy }
 { Dunnell }

Four-paddle Crews

{ Harding } { Sweeney } { Stevens }
 { Perry } { Rees } { Sealy }
 { Elliot } { Abbot } { McKinney }
 { Sloan } { Hubbard } { Henderson }

1905

Mar Aug 30



Mary E. Simons
W.C. Simons

Wed. Aug. 30th.

T. 66.

B. 29.04.

Wind, est.

Clear.

In the afternoon there was a grand base-ball game, between the Billys and the Wags, of which the score will be entered (when found!)

In the evening,

SING SONG.

1. Chopsticks. L.E.R. Jr. F.M.B. J, R.
 2. Song, "The Skipper." L.E.R.
 3. A group of Irish Songs. Various Faculty.
 4. Choruses; Merryweather Boys; The Bell; Drink Puppy.
 5. Songs, the Merryweather Quartette.
 6. Lord Ullin's Daughter. R.R. W.A.G. H.H.R. J. R.
- Choruses; Forty Years On; October.
Camp Song.

In the afternoon arrived Mr and Mrs Simons.
Let it also be recorded that it was Miss Julia's Birthday.



Mail - Aug 30th

Henderson

Hubbard

Watermelon, 23

Apple Pie, 17

Jam-tails, 17

Washington Pie, 14

Roman Nose, 8

Huckle-Berry Pie 5, Blue-berry Pie, 3 = 8

Rice Pudding, 5

Black-berry Pie, 3

Berry (Lemon Jelly), 2

Prune Pudding, 2

Bread + Butter Pudding, 1

Green Pudding, 1

Greek Nose, 1

Indian Pudding, 1

Whortle Berry Pie, 1

Frog Dumplings, 1

Chocolate G. Washington Pie 1

The Closing Desserts

Chosen by ballot
for the last week.

But,

Oh!

There were

no

Watermelon

to be had!

Ice cream

Chocolate ice cream

Lemon sherbert

Vanilla with chocolate

Vanilla ice cream

" with huckle sauce

Apricot sherbert

Frozen Annatabos

R.H.G. jr. went back this morning.

Thursday Aug. 31st,
~~In the~~ continued.

In the evening a Mock Sing Song was presented by an able Troupe consisting of Messrs W. A. Gardner, F. M. Barton, H. H. Richards, J. T. Harrington, John Richards, R. B. Ogilby, and A. Stevens. They gave us acrobatic performances, solos, and choruses, each unique of its kind. The programme ~~was~~ is given below, and it only remains to be said that every number was greeted with uproarious applause, and that the final chorus left us quite exhausted with laughter.

Oh, those little old duck pants!
Oh, those pretty old duck pants!
Those lily white duck pants that Billy wore!
~~Those lily white duck pants that Billy wore!~~
They were spattered black and blue,
They showed signs of wearing through!-----
Those little old duck pants that Billy wore!

Miss Julia had two birthday cakes, one last night and one tonight! And as for Neville, for Sashful reasons he had molasses taffy, eighteen pieces, and a good many more to grow on.



Mail - Aug 31st

Henderson

Friday, The brethren worked all day in preparation for the fancy
September 1.

T.65. dress ball, making wigs and other outlandish things.

B.29.35

Wind In the afternoon there was a baseball game between two
north.

Cloudy. teams, the Moravians and the Mormons. It was very exciting, the
Moravians winning by a score of 17 to 10.

In the evening the sing-song was continued. There was a
beautiful stunt done by the Doodle-buggers and the remnants of
the Brown-Sugar-or-Bust campers. The song of the Doodle-bugs
was the best thing of the evening. After the stunt there was
half-past eight Boston, and then the half-past niners played
indoor scouting game.

Arrival:

C. A. S.



Mail- Sept 1st

A. Stevens

Saturday,
September 2.

Fair
warm.

The Meadow Brook expedition at last came off. It was a beautiful day for it and we felt in good trim. All the canoes went on the trip except the Rob Roy, and the Sly Fox followed an hour later. ~~However~~ The Fox ~~did not go on the expedition~~ went to North-west Bay and the crew walked over to Little Pond where they met the others.

The Butter was forgotten! This was the only mishap, and cheese and fresh apple sauce made up pretty well for it. We think we have found Mr. Morse's pipe! Of course it would be funny if we really had, after these two years, but John certainly found a pipe, just like it in shape and wood, lying water-logged in about a foot of water just off the beach, and we are going to send it, wrapped up in a Dutchess Trousers sign. Emma Jane, who it will be remembered, was lost part way up Meadow Brook three years ago, has alas never been seen more, though we still cannot help looking for her along the bushes. They were Mr. Dick's and Mr. Morse's first pipes.

The work of the Sappers and Miners, on August 23. was of great service, especially as the water is now very low

The Stay-at Homes were:

H.R.

R.B.O.

Per.

Tod.

L.E.R.

Mary Anne.

Tom Lamb.

The Shagpat was very, very good, and stayed with us all the way, which made everything all the better, and more all-together.

There were two slight accidents, the pitch got all scrape
There

Sat'day, contin'd

off the Birch's stern, on a bad snag, and the Cauker got quite a hole punched in her side.

Little Pond

Sept. 2^d 1905

Sly Fox - start at 10.30 a.m.

Kunhardt

C. Stevens - Lawrence
Abbot - Dunnell
Chisholm - Pousland
Perry - McKinney

F.M.B.

Canoes - start at 9.30 a.m.

Pink

Ladd
Cary (pass)
W.F.L.

Hecuba

Rees
Grub (pass)
A. Stevens

Squannacook

Henderson
Putnam (pass)
J.T.H.

Aboljockamegus

Chapman
Beebe
A.G. (pass.)
J.R.

Ebenezer

L.E.R. jr.
Elliot
W.A.G. (pass.)
Sweeney

Caucomgonick

Sealy
Comstock
Howe (pass.)
E.H.

Birch

Hubbard
R.R. (pass)
H.H.R.

Shagbat

J.W.R.
C.A.S.
S. Ponge (pass)

Sat'd'y, contin'd.

It was a pretty wonderful stunt to put through the Little Pond ~~and~~ trip and the Fancy Dress Ball in one day, but it all went through gloriously, as the next page will show. Johnny Boggs arrived in the afternoon, to make things better still, and the Stay-at-homes trimmed the big room ever so prettily with golden-rod, hemlock and pine.

Bobby, which is the worst Editor, you or I? Here we have forgotten to mention the giving of the Junior and Senior Cups, for the Field Sports! I think it was last night, but I am not quite sure; anyhow they came, and they are beauties, solid and simple, and they were given with roars of applause to the winners, Arthur Sweeney and Maynard Rees; and we are going to tell, whether he likes it or not, that one of the Cups was the kind gift of the Doctor.

We have another delightful gift to record, the arrival of a splendid basket of cantelopes, pears, and peaches, a present from Mr. Gardner. They were delicious, and there were enough for second, and third, helps all round, and we had we really think the most uproarious meal that there has been since the Camp opened --- oh shame, Mrs Richards had to remind us at last that we were not on Circe's island!

THE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

Every year we say, "This is the best ball yet!" and it certainly was true this year, if never before. As usual, the preparations had been going on for many days. The Snoritory was turned into an armorer's smithy, where hammer on anvil clanged, (or rather, scissors through paper snipped,) and the armorer-tutor, Herr Ogilby, turned out breast-plates, greaves and helmets, of wonderful design and exquisite workmanship. The north dormitory was a barber's shop; here the Liftinant was making wigs, the finest wigs in the world, long and curly, blonde and beautiful. And all over the Camp there was a kind of whirl of silver paper, mosquito-netting, cheesecloth and Turkey red.

Finally the evening came. We hurried through supper, and fled to our tents and cubicles; then for two hours, pandemonium reigned. The air was rent with cries for safety-pins, for paste, for needles and thread, for tape and ribbons. "Where is my tunic?" "Could you lend me a white shirt?" "Who has a pair of white sneakers?" "Where is the powder?" The ladies flew hither and thither, tying sashes, adjusting veils and wigs, straightening the unaccustomed petticoat on some prancing Brother; meanwhile, in the boathouse, the Skipper and Miss Julia worked away with rouge, powder and burnt cork, decorating and (sometimes!) beautifying. At last, all was ready, or nearly all. The grand march sounded, and in from the south dormitory streamed the Procession. It would take a whole volume of the Log to describe the costumes in detail; I must be content to give the simple list of the characters, beginning with the groups, and going on to the single figures.

Mr Barton.	}	The Colonial Guard.
L. McKinney.		
J. Elliot.		
W. Dunnell.		

Mr Ogilby, (King Arthur.)	}	The Round Table.
Caroline Stevens; (Queen Guinevere.)		
Sir Lancelot		
T. Lamb. (Sir Lancelot.)		
L. Chisholm. (Sir Gawain.)		
M. Pearce. (Sir Galahad.)		
P. Simons. (Sir Percival)		

The most Lamentable Comedy and cruel death of
PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

~~Pyrra~~

Pyramus. R. Henderson.
Thisbe. Jellyfish. (Ten Eyck Perry.)
Wall. O. Comstock.
Moonshine. C. Hubbard.
Lion. V. Chapman.

Dr Harrington. Egyptiam Astrologer.
J. Putnam. }
F. Larrence. } Attendant Imps.

H. H. Richards. Mediterranean Pirate.
W. A. Gardner. Egyptian Dragoman.
John Richards. Romeo.
E. Harding. Juliet.
E. N. Bennett. Dancers.

~~W. S. Sloan~~

A. Sweeney. " "
W. S. Sloan. Greek Dandy.
A. Stevens. Colored Dandy.
E. Pousland. " "
W. F. Ladd. " Lady.
M. Carey. Chinaman.
P. Howe. }
O. Beebe. } Cowboys.

Chester Ladd. }
R. Sealy. } Three Merry Maidens.
M. Rees. }

Harriet Kunhardt. Burgomistress.
R. Abbott. Burgomaster.
Miss Rosalind. Iseult of Ireland.
Miss Julia. Thistledown.
Miss Betty. Marquise.
Prof. Shaw. Sailor Boy.
Miss Alice Gardiner. Gipsy Maiden.

~~After the Grand March came dancing; first a two-step, then a~~

After the Grand March came dancing; first a two-step, then a waltz, Portland Fancy, etc. etc. It was a pleasant sight to see Alexander Hamilton, (he thought his initials were F.M.B., but that was all he knew!) sitting at the piano, scattering "Up the Street" from his nimble fingers, while the Pirate twirled the Gipsy like a humming-top, and Iseult danced with the Colored Gentleman, and Juliet pranced with Pyramus, and the Lion galumphed with Sir Galahad. Then came a breathing-space, and while the rest sat panting on the floor,

"The actors were at hand, and by their show

We Did know ~~us~~ all that we were like to know."

First, the Prologue was read; then Miss Rosalind played the Mendelssohn music, to which the players filed slowly in. Never was seen a prettier Thisbe than "Jelly", in green gown and gold-spangled veil, with long fair locks curling down to his-her waist; never a more gallant Pyramus than Chuglet, in scarlet robe, a classic fillet in his dark hair. Wall, Lion, and Moonshine all presented their parts well. The lovers conversed and kissed through the chink; the lion roared and "moused"; then came the "cruel death" of the loving pair; and when they lay dead, Thisbe across her Pyramus's breast, the funeral march sounded, and Wall, Moonshine and Lion came in, and slowly and sadly dragged them off by the heels, amid the applause of the whole company.

Then the Colonials, that gallant band, showed us, in pantomime, how a duel was fought in the olden time. The game, the quarrel, the challenge, the duel; all was given with such dramatic fire, that we trembled for Billy Dunnell's life, and were relieved to see him rise to his feet again, after his fall.

And then--after a dance to hearten us a bit after these two tragedies,--came a third dramatic scene; a new version of "Romeo and Juliet." Neddie Harding made a most lovely Juliet, his sky-blue robe and floating scarf and veil of white being inexpressibly becoming; and she climbed up on the mantel-piece--I mean the balcony,--and sat there, looking down; and Romeo came along, every inch a Montague, from his lace ruff to his green tights--oh! his green tights!-- and said "But soft! what light from yonder window breaks? it is the east, and Juliet is the sun", etc. And Juliet said, "Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" to which Romeo replied "Oh". Neddie, come down out of that!" Down came Neddie-Juliet, and first one took poison and then the other, dying slowly, in a most remarkable manner: and when our applause was at the loudest, up they got again, and hand in hand, sang the song, one verse of which is

as follows .

Come now and listen to my tale of woe,
Of Romeo and Juliet;
Cribbed out of Shakspeare, and reeking with woe;
Oh! Romeo and Juliet!
Never a story so mournful as that one;
If you have years, now prepare to get at one;
Romeo's the thin one and Juliet the fat one;
Oh! Romeo and Juliet!

We had hoped for a stunt from the Round Table; but after all, they looked so fine in their silver armor, it was enough

just to look at them; and when King Arthur sat down to play the reel, and Galahad, Percival, and the rest, glanced and huddled to and fro with their chosen maidens, we could ask nothing more. He was a goodly king; he protested that he did not know a reel tune, and this appeared to be true; but he played ~~everything~~ ~~thing~~ else in the known musical world, and it seemed to make no difference to the dancers whether they were jigging to ~~Our~~ "Our Director," the Russian National Hymn, or "Rise, crowned ~~with~~ light!"

So at last we came to the apricot sherbet, and ate till we could eat no longer; and then there was a mighty three-fold "Taps"; and then, at long, very long last, the Merryweathers went to bed; and the Event of the Season was over. Here's luck to the next one!

Final. Table Of Weights.

H.R. ?	July. 2.	Sept. 3.	Gain.	Gain. - 0 ⁸ . 0 ⁸ .
H.H.R. ?		171		
J. R.	185	176 ¹⁴	- 8 ² lbs.	Sept 3. 92 ⁴ 78 ¹²
R. B. O.	152	157 ³	5 ³	
F. M. B.	144 ⁸	143 ¹²	- 0 ¹² .	
Bennett.	122	123 ⁸	1 ⁸ .	Aug 6. 92 ⁸ 78 ⁴
Chapman.	132 ⁸	132 ⁴	- 0 ⁴	
Harding.	157 ⁸	157 ⁸	0.	
Henderson.	140 ⁴			
Ladd.	111 ⁸	120 ¹²	9 ⁴ .	
Sloan	117 ¹²	129 ¹²	12.	
Sweeney. (Aug 6)	128 ¹²	133 ²	4 ⁶	Sealy. Simons.
Stevens.	" 109	112	3	
Webb.	118 ⁴ (Aug 20)	121.	2 ¹⁴ .	
Abbot.	" 78 ¹²	81.	2 ⁴	Gain. 9. 36
Beebe.	72 ⁸	78 ⁸	6	
Cary.	82	85	3	
Chisholm.	87 ⁸	92 ⁴	4 ¹² .	
Comstock.	76 ¹²	83 ⁸	6 ¹² .	Sept 3. 145 ¹⁴ 114 ¹⁴
Dunnell.	72 ⁸	78 ⁷	5 ¹⁵ .	
Elliot.	77 ⁸	81 ⁸	4.	
Howe.	74 ¹²	77 ⁶	2 ¹⁰	
Hubbard. (Aug 6)	89	89 ³	0 ³ .	
Lamb.	108	100 ⁸	- 7 ⁸ .	July 2. 136 ⁸ 111 ⁸
Lawrence.	66 ¹² .	71 ⁸	4 ¹² .	
McKinney.	105 ⁸	106 ¹³	1 ⁵ .	
Minot.	107. (July 20)	106 ⁹	- 0 ¹ .	
Morton.	69 ⁴ " "	69 ¹¹	0 ¹ .	J. T. H. Allen
Pearce.	66 ² .	68 ¹⁴	2 ¹² .	
Perry.	123	125 ⁸	2 ⁸ .	
Ponsland.	81 ⁸	90	8 ⁸	
Putnam.	76	77 ¹¹ .	1 ¹¹ .	
Rees.	113 ⁸	115 ¹¹ .	2 ³ .	

	North				South			
	First	Second	Third	H.M.	Pig	First	Second	Third
Monday	Sweeney	Booke	Abbot	Perry		Stevens	Cumstock	Putnam
Tuesday	Abbot	Powland	Sinova			Putnam	Cumstock	Stevens
Wednesday	Sweeney	Perry	Chickola	Abbot		Ree	Cumstock	House
Thursday	Sweeney	Booke	Perry	Abbot		Putnam	Stevens	House
Friday								
Saturday								
Sunday								
Monday								

1st Prize --- A. Stevens
 2^d Prize --- A. Sweeney
 3^d Prize --- J. P. Putnam
 Hon. Men -- Booke, Cumstock, Perry, Ree, House.

Sunday, Rain!!!

September 3.

The Vice-Hippo really need'nt have had it rain to-day and it has poured, all day long, and still it has been one of the best days yet, in spite of it. Mr. Richards read us part of Dean Briggs' Wellesley College Address after service, and we had good singing. In the afternoon an adventurous few took a good rainy day walk (and A.G. fell into the water when she got back, though she was quite wet enough already!), and the reast of us played Mythology, and Authours, Billy taking charge of the latter game.

(Pie-sitch, the latest pronunciation of Psyche! This came out in Mythology.)

The Picnic certainly was the best indoor one we have had yet. The table was very pretty, with the hemlock and cedar and goldenrod left from the Party, and we had such a feast! (All but the French Department, who preferred high thinking and cocoa, eh what, Neville?) There were cookies and doughnuts, cheese, baked apples, blackberry jam, hot toast and chocolate, to say nothing of the more substantial veal loaf, bread, milk, etc.

We all curled up round ~~the big fire~~ a huge fire afterwrds, and Mrs Richards told us a frightfully creepy ghost-story, with the lights turned down.

After an extra time for hymn singing, Mrs. Richards read to us, first poetry, Stevenson's "Not yet, my soul", "Our Lady Of The Snows," and the poem to his father; then Rugby ~~Ch~~ Chapel, and "Each And All" for the last, and then The Deacon's Week.



Monday,
September, 4th.
Rain!!

Raining again, if possible worse than yesterday!

We think it need'nt have, really again today, but then everything has been so busy that it did not really make so very much difference, and we ~~are~~ are very lucky to have ~~it~~ had it clear off enough to get the Fancy Dress photographs this morning. We certainly looked funny, Pirates and Turks and Gypsies and Imps, walking all about Camp in the broad daylight; so charming if Ram Island had come just then to call!

Billy and Alice Gardiner went, alas, this afternoon.

In the evening we had the Bonfire, not damped a bit by the finally pouring rain. The pantasotes did well for little tents, so that we could sit round and have the singing, and the fire was a beauty.

We hear that Pine Island is going by the same day and train, but everything has been planned so thoroughly (the first hay-rigging of trunks went down this afternoon), that we think it will go all right and smoothly. Our car has been arranged for, and the luncheons are to be put on board at Portland.

Last table-setting! And the address books and birthday books were handed round at dinner.

Monday, contin'd.

We forgot to put in the most important event of yesterday, the awarding of the Dormitory prizes. As usual, the Ladies have had a really frightful time deciding! The dormitories have been beautifully kept; and everyone cheered and shouted when Uncle Abe was given the first prize, Arthur Sweeney the second, and John Pickles ~~Edward~~ Putnam the third.

First Prize	Caseknife	Uncle Abe.
Second Prize	Four bladed knife	Arthur Sweeney
Third prize	Pedometer	John Putnam.
(South Andover and North Lawrence!)		

A few more lines from the Dramatic Masterpiece of Saturday night:

"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon ----
---- Edward, buck up, it's time for you to speak."



Mail - Sept. 4th

J. Boggs.

From Our Paris Correspondent.

M. le General Grant.

Que j'ai bon souvenir des jours de quarante-neuf,
Quand le vieux ch'val trouvait de mauvais lieux; ~~Et Si~~
Et Sieur Guillaume Jones vint rapidement chez moi, ---
"Morbleu, Si, voila du feu!"

J'ai appelé ma femme, pour apporter mes bottines,
J'ai baisé ma fille Fifine,
Et Guillaume et moi, nous courûmes le chemin,
Pour suivre la véille machine.

Pour suivre la véille machine, morbleu!
Pour suivre la véille machine!
Et Guillaume et moi, nous courûmes le chemin,
Pour suivre la véille machine.

Que j'ai bon souvenir de l'an soixante-et-un,
Quand les boulets volèrent partout.
Un grand boulet vint directement vers nous
Et frappa Guillaume dans le cou.

Et Guillaume sauta -- "J'ai le ~~cou~~ cou dur", fit-il,
Au lieu d'un boulet il faudra cent!"
Ces jours si hèreux audessous du beau drapeau,
Sous les ordres du General Grant.

Sous les ordres du General Grant, morbleu!
Sous les ordres du General Grant!
Ces jours si hèreux audessous du beau drapeau,
Sous les ordres du General Grant.

A.M.R.

Sept 4th 10 a.m.

1st lot of Trunks went, with list of destinations
and tickets to be dated. Money furnished
driver to buy extra tickets required.

Sept 5th 5.45 a.m.

Camp waked by Skipper. Swim at Point

" 6.15 to 6.45 a.m.

Trunks loaded and checked by schedule.
Driver provided with envelopes for each boy,

" 6.45 a.m. (for tickets and checks.

Breakfast, parting speeches etc.

" 7.00 a.m.

Ogee started for Oakland in Gleason's team.

" 7.45 a.m.

Grand Army marched, in two hay-riggings,
in charge of Neville Bennett and E. Harding,
who had schedule of destinations. They were
escorted to the station by H.H.R., RR. J.R.
and L.E.R. jr.

" 9.00 a.m.

H.H.R. collected checks, put them in envelopes
and delivered the envelopes to N. Bennett.

" 9.30 a.m.

Grand Army departed, on special parlor car.

R.B.O. and Abbot dropped out at Lewiston;

J.T.H., A. Stevens, C. Stevens, A. Sweeney,

Kunhardt and Rees at Portland; F. C. Ladd

at Portsmouth, and Pousland, Chisholm,

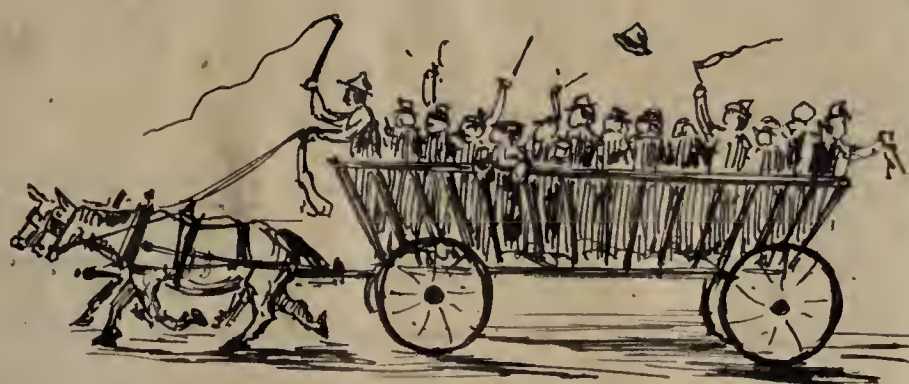
M^{rs} Kinney & Perry at Salem.

" 5.15 p.m.

Train arrived in Boston, 1^h 20^m late.

1905

Sejer S
Grand Army



Mail - Sept 5th

— " —

The Grand Army

Tuesday, September 5.

Well, well, anyhow it is a good day, which is really more important than to have had it fair yesterday. The Order Of March, which went like one of Wellington's campaigns, we put on the next page, with the different destinations. O.G. and the main load of trunks went at first break of breakfast, O.G. to Oakland, where his father is to meet him, the trunks to keep Mr. Daggett's hair from falling off before its time. We have never had everything go so easily

and quietly. There has been plenty, and more than plenty, of time for everything, even for finding ~~Per~~'s and the Bumble-bee's scattered possessions. The last breakfast was a little hurried and excited, but then that part of it gets a little more difficult every year. The two hay-riggings were filled just comfortably, and the last cheers were given, and Andrew tooted at us from the hill. We sang cheerful songs, all the way along, and were able to give Pine Island, who were mostly walking to the station, a lift with their dress-suit-cases. Everything went without a slip or hitch; tickets and cheques trunks and money were there all right. The train was fifteen minutes late, which gave comfortable time for talking over school and next year, and when it came in there was the Merryweather Car, all right, and Mr. Abbot on it, come to meet Radish; and now the dear brethren are off, and good luck to every step their feet will take.

Stay-at-homes (and a very fine lot, too,):

H.R.	F.M.B.	C.A.S. (but he went at noon.)
L.E.R.	J.R.	Toddles (but he went in the afternoon)
.H.H.R.	L.E.R. jr.	Bobby, whom we shall hold on to
R.R.	Johnny Boggs.	just as long as we can.
J.W.R.		

Wednesday Sept. 6th.

The weather still sulked over the boys' departure, though the rain was over; but we were all so busy, we had not time to attend to it. Besides, a special sun rose and shone for us; for at 5.10 a.m. J.W.R. and Captain John drove over to the station, and came back bringing A.M.R., even the Chief Musician. And that made a good day. Mr Barton and John Boggs had stayed over on purpose to see her, but we did not tell her this, and hid them in the Infirmary: so when we had had her for some good minutes to ourselves, we insisted that she must see the Infirmary before she had her breakfast, and escorted her thither in procession; and there were those two good friends of hers sitting smoking their pipes, and Bobby Henderson with them, and never in this world was there a more surprised or happy Miss Alice than that one! (Bobby is going to stay on till we go, like the helpful and comfortable Bobby he is.)

The day was very full and busy, and though we were thinking about the dear Brothers every minute, we were still cheerful, (because ~~xafter~~ after all, next summer will be here before we know it!) and the Liftinant wrought mightily in the boathouse, and Captain John and Bobby raged like twin fires in the dormitories, and the rest of us did 47,000 other things, and the first thing we knew it was bed-time. But I must not forget to mention the last grand concert of the Merryweather Quartette, with John Boggs as second tenor, vice Herr Ogilby, departed.

Thursday, Sept. 7th.

The weather desired to know how we expected it to clear up, when the Liftinant was going away? we might be thankful it did not pour Krupp guns and Steam Harvesters! But when they were gone, (at 2.55; we tried hard to keep them longer, but it might not be,) the Clerk put his pen behind his ear, and said, "Oh! you poor forsaken mortals!.. I suppose I must do something for you after all, to console you for this last blow." So in the afternoon, off rolled the clouds, out came the sun, and all the world twinkled and sparkled as if it wanted to make up for the long week of grayness; and in the evening the moon shone--oh, how it shone! and ^{we} went out in canoes, all that were left of us, left of six hundred, (more or less!) and sang plaintive songs, and cheered one another up as well as we could.

Friday Sept. 8th.

A wonderful, golden day. All hands hard at work in the ~~morning~~ morning, straightening, settling, packing. Miss Rosalind did up the things the Brothers had left behind them; Moses's trousers, Conrad's sweater, Francklyn Lawrence's money, (found in a tin box under his mattress,) Hippo's and Dr Jim's Washes, Harper Sibley's coat, Mr Barton's ---but I find that the list, even the list of the MIZ OF THE DEPARTED, is to be inserted whole, so no more of it here.

After dinner Miss Alice went in to Gardiner, Miss Rosalind driving her to the station; and the rest of us went in two canoes to Hoyt's Island, to get blackberries. It was most lovely there in the golden sunshine, but the blackberries had been pretty well picked, and at first we had to content ourselves with dewberries, two kernels to the hull, and mostly squashing in one's hand at that, from dead-ripeness; but at last the Skipper found a patch that the pickers had missed, and we filled our pail, and came home triumphant, with more than we could eat for supper. Then another water evening, with moonlight beautiful beyond words.

Saturday, Sept. 9th.

"Brite and fair". How could I forget to say yesterday that Mr Dick left us, to spend Sunday with his friends the Suters, at Andover, Maine? we could ill afford to have our number still further cut down, yet were glad on one account to have him go, as his thumb needed attention, and we hoped he might find a good doctor there.

Work went on in the morning, beating mattresses, mending the same, etc, etc,; in the afternoon John and L.E.R. Jr paddled me, L.E.R. Sr, over to Pine Island, to make the call I had owed all summer; we found only Mrs Colby at home, and had a pleasant time.

By every morning's mail we have been getting letters from the dear Brothers, as welcome as the sunshine itself. The first to arrive were Neddy's (he signed himself "the terrible Mizzer!") and Jellyfish's; these came on Thursday, and win the First Prize for Punctuality; next day we heard from Abe, Chubbard, the little girls, and Herr Ogilby; the next from Dr Jim and a number of others; now we have really had letters from almost all, and a ~~very~~ very great pleasure it has been. They seem to think they miss us, and that is a comfort, too, when we are missing them so sadly.

Sunday, Sept. 10th.

Nothing very special to chronicle today; the golden weather continues; we are all busy, writing many letters, taking account of stock, and so on. We had hoped for another water evening, but the wind came up and spoiled that, so we had reading ~~and~~ and music, and sang hymns.

Monday Sept. 11th.

Monday Sept. 11th.

Still fair. Work still going on. The great boxes are on the piazza, and things are going into them. In the afternoon, H. H. R. returned, having had a delightful little visit, and found a good doctor, who gave his thumb the needed treatment. In the evening he put up the Trophy of the Round Table; a horrid piece of work, but we were so glad to have it done! --- Towards evening the clouds began to gather, fine skeins and veils of them drifting nearer and lower, and we knew that our bright time was over for the present.

~~Tuesday~~ Monday Sept. 12th.

Sure enough, this morning the clouds were tucked in tight and smooth around us as a dormitory blanket in inspection week; and before breakfast the rain began, and continues. A great day for packing. R. R. goes in town today.

Wednesday Sept. 13th.

It rained all yesterday and all night, but now the gray blanket is rolling off, making lovely shadows on the mountains.

H. H. R. and Bob Henderson left at 9.17 for Boston. At 1.30 the Skipper and John start on their canoe trip to Gardiner: at 2.30, G. W. R., L. E. R. G., and I, depart for the station, leaving the faithful Andrew and Mike to close the camp.

So ends a good Summer. Goodbye! good luck to you, lake and wood and hill: auf wiedersehen!

"When the little stars swing over the hill,

It's time for us to go!"

LEK

Books read at Camp, 1905.

Through Asia, Sven Hedin.
Montcalm & Wolfe. Parkman.

Pickwick Papers. Dickens.
The White Company. Conan Doyle.
Kidnapped. Stevenson.

Merchant of Venice. } Shakespeare.
Hamlet. }

The Odyssey, (Butcher & Lang's prose version.)
The Naulakha, Kipling. (9-30 am.)

Trip to Gardiner

-0-

Tuesday September 12th was the day set for the last trip of the season. There had been much talk and enthusiastic planning of wonderful trips - up the Sandy River or elsewhere; but the condition of Mr. Dick's thumb (jammed during his great rock-rolling stunt) was such that the Doctor forbade his going; the Doctor himself would not go if Dick couldn't, and so both of them went their ways, leaving the Skipper and John sole survivors of the valiant crew that had planned so much.

We had got to get home to Gardiner in some way - why not paddle? Such was the convincing argument that decided our fate, and the start was set for the Tuesday. But Tuesday was so eminently unpropitious that Wednesday morning found us still in camp, watching the barometer, and gazing none too hopefully at the racing clouds. But even a Merryweather blow does pass, if you have the patience to wait for it, and by mid-morning things looked better, and we packed our kit. Dinner brought a further improvement, and soon after everything was ready. And if we say it as shouldn't, no load of duffle was ever better stowed, nor any canoe better trimmed than the "Corker" when we left the float.

At this point the Editor pauses to remark that the Log of this trip was lost (mislaid is, perhaps, the better word) and the times of arrivals and departures are for this reason, perforce, omitted.

It was a sad moment when we left the ladies waving their handkerchiefs on the float, and turned to face an oily lump of a dying sea across the pond. Many a manly eye was wet, many a handkerchief wrung out. But we faced the situation and the sea, and, setting our teeth, pushed bravely on.

Hardly had we started than John, who was paddling bow, remarked that he had never paddled port before, and did not know whether he could go it. But the Skipper allowed he'd got to, and the threatening cloud of mutiny was suppressed. He did go it, in great form, and the only fault the Skipper had to find with his paddling was that it was hard to make him let up on approaching a landing.

Across the pond was fine going, just lively enough for pleasure and altogether delightful. Coming in to the Mills, the Skipper got a photo which he thinks about the best ever - you can see it in the Log, and with it the few others which the weather served to take during the trip.

Down Long Pond with a fair and rising breeze the going was great, while clouds and streaks of sunshine made the scene a never-to-be forgotten one. As we neared the lower end of the pond we began to realize that the wind was getting up in earnest, and, looking back, there was no doubt that a Willi-Waw had marked our progress, and was laying for us. So we put for the east shore, opposite the bog, and there camped in a hurry, at a log "landing" - a good camping place, but too much exposed to the N.W., as we soon found out. The Willi-Waw struck in earnest before we had our tent up, and there were lively doings for a time - especially when we tried to make our fire and get supper. Everything was wringing wet, and the wind eddied from every known and unknown direction. If it had not been for a box of charcoal, left by some former camper, we should have had even a worse time than

we did with our fire. As it was, John's happy thought in naming the place Camp-Smoke-in-the-Face, relieved our feelings and made us more content with our lot. But we found other things besides charcoal, to wit "old soldiers" in great variety and number - champagne, Old Tom, and many others - and when we reflected that the last campers we knew of to occupy the place were Herr Ogilby and his saintly crew, we were properly jarred.

Apple sauce and Hasty Pudding (if John makes it) are a great combination for breakfast; they beat all the "breakfast foods" and dog-bread-and-sawdust mixtures that were ever devised. And we had plenty of time to take things easy in the morning, for there was a northwester on, and the sea was breaking on the landing so that it would have swamped us if we had tried to launch the canoe, loaded as heavily as she was. But by and by the wind began to grow puffy, a sure sign that it will soon let up, and we ~~soon~~ took a chance and got off in fine shape, making the run to E.Mt.Vernon in record time.

The next thing was to find a man and a team, to take us over the long carry (6 miles) to Maranacook. We tried first the principal house, to the east of the bridge, but found no one at home. Then we went to the mill, to ask the advice of the mill man (there seemed to be only one, and it is a pity that his name is forgotten, for he was a friend in need). An old fellow, who had stopped at the mill to pass the time of day allowed that he would take us in a minute, if it were not for the automobiles! and he proceeded to give us his views of those vehicles in seven different languages. The mill man told us afterwards that the old fellow was quite dotty - he didn't believe he had ever seen an automobile. So, on the advice of the mill man, we tried a house about half a mile up the road, where we found only two very crusty old ladies, who would have none of us. Then back, to try the Principal House once more, and this time John found the lady of the house at home. She knew the Stevenses, and would not let John go until he had told her all the latest gossip from North Belgrade. So back to consult the mill man once more, and he sent us to another house, a mile and a half out on another road, where we found the man we had been looking for, who said he would be "down" with his team after he had had his dinner. We had begun to think that we should become permanent residents of E.Mt. Vernon, and after this good luck, we started back to the bridge to get our own dinner, in high spirits. But here was a sadness; when we had finished all that we could conveniently stow, John discovered that he had lost his own and only Dido - his almost-new pipe, the pride of his heart. He probably left it at Camp Smoke-in-the-face; and if he has as good luck as "Mr. Walrus" he may yet see it.

Mr. Man appeared after a very long interval, and we were soon off - very late - on the long carry - and it was long; so long that on reaching Maranacook we decided to camp at the first good place we came to. It was still blowing a gale, so that we wanted a very sheltered place on the west shore, if such could be found. We skirted the shore for a mile or so, landing at many places, but in vain, and began to think that luck was against us. But at last, and just on the chance that it might not be so bad as it looked, we landed on a steep shore, all rocks, and apparently ^{so} buried in a thicket of tangled bushes that it looked almost as unpromising as a brush pile. But, once we had got through the tangle, we found ourselves in a big, old wood, with huge branching pines - left over when the land was cleared, long ago - and a

heavy growth of wonderfully tall and slender hard-wood trees filling all the space between them. Except for the shore-fringe there was little undergrowth, and we soon had an ideal site cleared for our tent - right at the foot of an enormous pine, but a few feet from the shore, and looking out across the pond through the spreading branches. We were as snug as possible, and had need to be, for the night brought a hard frost, and we should have been sad and sorry in any less sheltered position. As it was we had all the dead pine branches we could ask for for our fire, and when the pond fell calm and the moon came up, right across as our tent faced, it was a scene to remember - hard to leave even for bed and blankets. We dubbed this lovely place Camp Rabbit.

We got off betimes on Friday morning, and with the prospect of a long, hard day's work before us were not altogether encouraged to find the wind coming in from the South, soon after we started. A long steady stretch of paddling brought us to Winthrop, where we had a hard, two-trip carry, through the main street of that enterprising little town. So down stream half a mile to Anabessacook, where we found that the south wind had come in with a vengeance, and that we were in for a five-mile stretch of the hardest kind of work; it was only by hunting lees that we could get along at all, and when we had to buck into it in the open, for a mile, in making the crossing to get into the lee of an island, there were minutes at a time in which the only progress we made was backwards. Neither of us had made the trip before: we had no map, and only a general knowledge of the landmarks; so when, at long and at last, we made the south end of the pond, and found that the outlet was not where we expected, and that we were in for a tiresome hunt before we could hope to find the entrance of Juggernaught Stream and reach our appointed lunching place, at East Monmouth dam, we were not happy. But after a couple of prospecting trips, we found the entrance, just exactly where it seemed most impossible for it to be, and were soon at the dam, had made our carry, and were wolfing ham and bread and butter in hunks.

With such a roaring wind as was now blowing, the rest of the day seemed like a picnic, for we had a strong current to carry us down Juggernaught and Jock-Mun-Yaw streams, and once we struck Great Cobbossee, our course would be straight away with the wind. And so we found it. Down the pond we went like a steamer, with just all we could carry; the good ship Corker had a big bone in her teeth all the way down, and passed everything flying, but never shipped a drop of water. We reached the Outlet in record time, surprising ourselves by making such a distance. Our bones ached, for we had been hard at it for nearly twelve hours, but the long, hard and disgusting carry at the Outlet was ahead of us, and that would never do. So we bucked up and made the carry, launching the canoe in the rapids below just in time to save our daylight. Rain was beginning to fall, and with no especial place in view for a camp, and the weather more than a little chilly, the prospect was dubious. But the Skipper thought he remembered a place that was promising, on a point where the stream turns at a right angle, at the end of the second reach below the dam, and there we landed in a hurry. If the place had been made to order it could not have been better for a camp. A dense wood insured protection from the wind; plenty of heavily branched pines carried dry fuel enough for all needs; a little opening, dead-level, with a big stone on one side, made an ideal place for tent and fire, and the landing was hardly twenty five feet from the tent. At

heavy growth of wonderfully tall and slender trees filling all the space between them. From the top of the trees we could see the water, and we soon had an idea of the extent of the lake at the foot of an enormous pine, and a few feet from the shore, looking out across the pond through the overhanging branches, we saw an angling boat, and had time to see the fisherman's boat, and we should have seen him and his boat in any case. As it was we had all the time and light to see the boat and the fisherman. As it was we had all the time and light to see the boat and the fisherman. As it was we had all the time and light to see the boat and the fisherman.

the landing place was a great, flat-topped rock, lying hardly four inches out of water, with its top cushioned with moss, just as if placed there for a tired, lazy man to lie down on, to wash his face and hands. We weren't long in getting tent up and fire going, and then we cooked - first we had a "go" of cocoa, with crackers, just to take the edge off, and then a wonderful onion stew, in size and savoriness not to be lightly spoken of, and it was after eleven o'clock before we turned in.

Next morning, our last day out, broke with steady, heavy rain, not very encouraging; but we were on familiar ground, and knew just the time we needed to cover every part of the way to Gardiner. So we took it easy over breakfast and packing up, thinking that it could not be worse and might be better - and better it was, for we had hardly got the canoe loaded before it let up, and though it was damp enough, and the wind was chilly and piercing, we had no more rain all day. There was little temptation to linger along the wonderful course of the stream, so we just set ourselves to make time - and we made it, all the way down, beating every record both for trip and carries. Excepting for a short stop for lunch at the Pines, on the Big Bog, we did not let up until we found, on the lower stream, between Pleasant Pond and Gardiner, with a fair wind and only a few miles to go, we were so much ahead of time that the team we had engaged would not be at the landing for us. But after loafing a bit, we found it too chilly and uninteresting, so we pushed along and were soon at the "New Mills" landing, and the first people we saw were Miss Alice and Miss Julia, with Duke and poor little Spudsy, coming to meet us. By the time we had got the canoe unloaded and stowed away in her winter quarters, our faithful expressman appeared, and soon we were at home, before a blazing fire, telling all about it.

May the next party to take this delightful trip have as good a time as we did!

The recovery Log of the Trip:

Sept 13. Start 2.03
Arr. at Mills 2.52
Left " 3.07
Camp Smoke in the Face 4.10

Left N.W. wind, followed
by a milluau

Sept 14th

Left Camp Smoke in the Face 9.55
Arr. E. Mt. Vernon 10.50
Started carry 1.35
Arrived Marano creek 3.00
" Camp Rabbit 3.50

N.W. gale

Sept 15th

Left Camp Rabbit 9.40

Arrived Minnetonka 10.53

Left S.W. wind, followed by 1/2 gale from S.

(Heavy head wind) Left Minnetonka 11.45

lost our way Arr. E. Minnetonka 1.40

Left E. Minnetonka 2.55

Arr. Outlet 4.38

Left " 5.20

Camp Huron 5.38

Sept 16th

Left Camp Huron 10.30

Arr. Stream 10.40

Left " 11.02

Arr. Collins 11.17

Left " 11.29

Arr. Big Bog (lunch) 12.35

Left " " 2.00

Arr. Cut may 3.32

" Stayed (16th to 17th time) 4.00

Two miles 4.58

S.E. storm

